new Masses

DECEMBER 11, 1934 10c

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By SEYMOUR WALDMAN

Farmer, Look Down that Road!

Second Article in a Series

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By JOHN LATHAM

How Insull Beat The Rap

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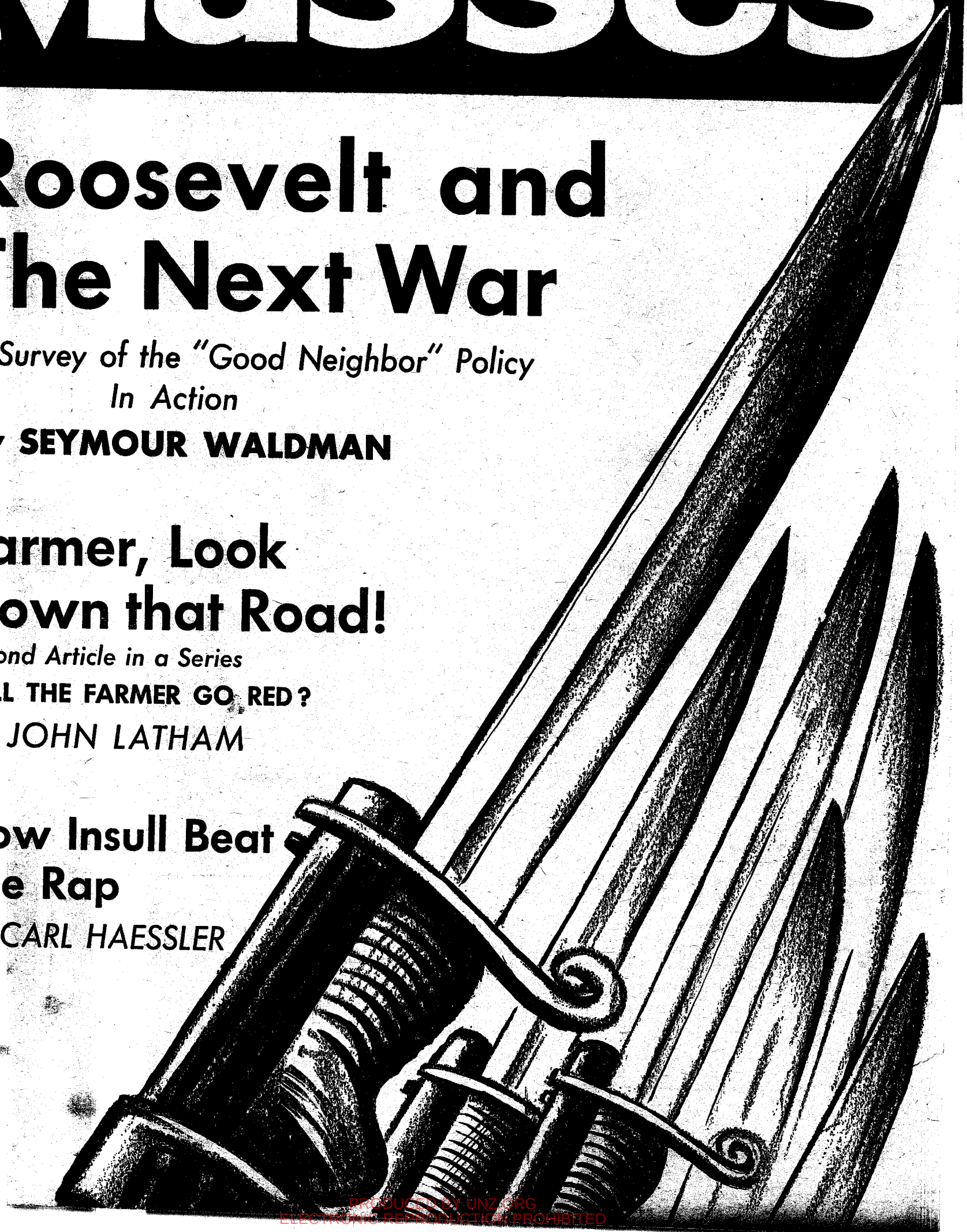

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IN THIS ISSUE
A PLAN FOR REBUILDING MOSCOW
—Page Three

Moscow News
Weekly Edition of Moscow Daily News

IN NEXT ISSUE
REPORTS FROM THE WRITERS CONGRESS

Fourth Year No 34 August 18, 1934
Editorial offices, Moscow, USSR Petrovski Pereulok 8.
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Nexo Stresses Importance of Writers Congress

BEFORE the World War Russia attempted to crush the finest expression of the human spirit while the rest of Europe was regarded as a tribune where liberal thought could be freely voiced, where the leading spirits of the time could give utterance to those truths that lay nearest their heart

But the outstanding European spirits of revolt the finest minds of Europe, did not try to extend their influence beyond the borders of existing society Brandes and Zola were among those intellectuals who could wield a large international influence largely because they were not dangerous to the e

JOSEPH V TALIN

Soviets Develop Masses' Initiative

Formal reviews by responsible Soviet aviation officials are scheduled in Lenin grad, Kharkov, Kiev, Sverdlovsk, Kazan and other principal cities, as well as in Moscow.

Mass Programs, Flights, Jumps On Aviation Day

THOUSANDS of workers and collective farmers throughout the Soviet Union are observing Aviation Day today, Aug. 18, in a grand review of the latest achievements of the Soviet aviation industry. Typical of celebrations throughout the Union are those at Tushino Aerodrome, where an elaborate program has been prepared for Moscow workers.

Formal reviews by responsible Soviet aviation officials are scheduled in Leningrad, Kharkov, Kiev, Sverdlovsk, Kazan and other principal cities, as well as in Moscow. Multiple leaps by scores of young parachute-jumpers of local Osoaviakhim (Soviet Defense) factory chute-jumping training schools are to be the crowning events of the air fleet reviews. In Moscow, several score of chute-jumpers, including ... jumpers, will ... ber of women ... "Pravda" ... ating ...

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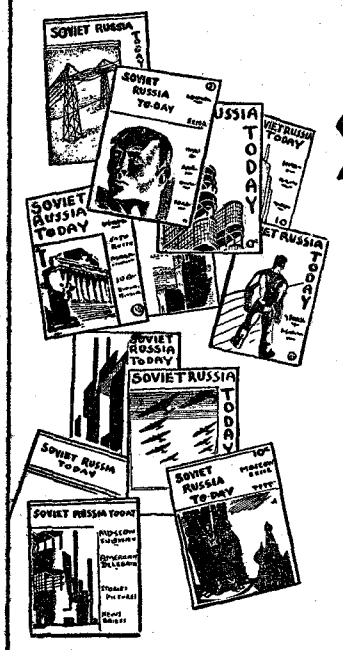

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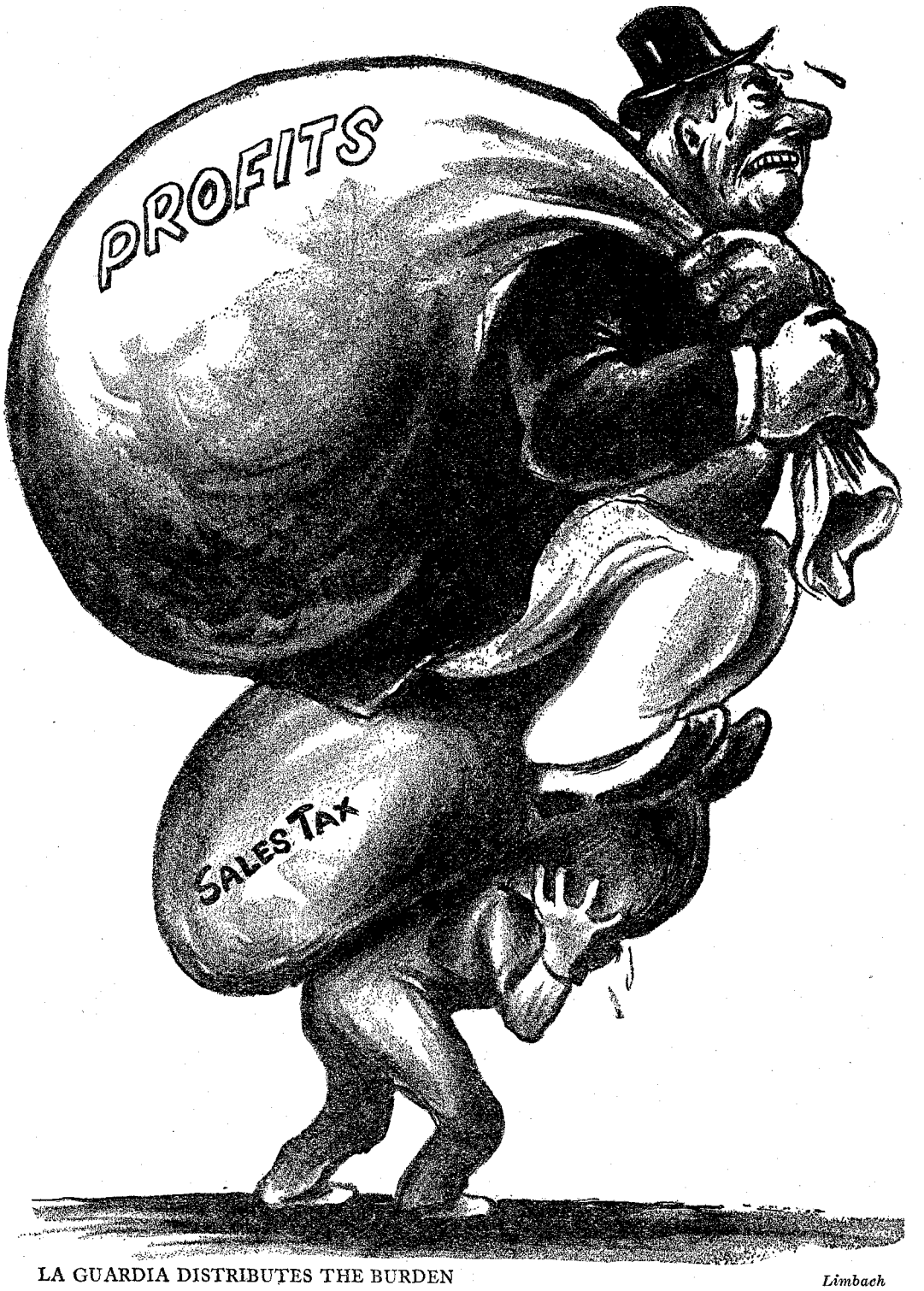
New Masses

DECEMBER 11, 1934

THE National Executive Committee of the Socialist party met in special session in Boston, Dec. 1-3, to consider the crisis in the party. The rank and file of the Socialist Party is seriously divided on the united front—the one basic political issue in these days of impending Fascism and war. Elected by the Detroit convention which put out to the membership a "left" declaration of principles, (which has since been accepted in a referendum by the membership) the National Executive Committee has been considered to have a mandate to put into action the Detroit declaration. Its actions in Boston reveal the extent of its real militancy and of its desire to give the Socialist party membership, (now straining for a united front with the Communist Party against Fascism and war), what the membership wants. The N. E. C. listened to threats from the Waldman-Solomon-Lee right wing that they would split the Socialist party if a united front was achieved; it listened to the ex-Communist and politically non-existent Jay Lovestone—and it refused to hear the representatives of the Communist Party. Then it made known its decision: "to postpone negotiations with the Communist Party" until the next national convention, in 1936!

THE N. E. C., however, could not altogether ignore the unmistakable demand from the S. P. rank and file for united front—any more than it dared to defy openly the threats of the right wing. So the N. E. C. hedged. It announced that state organizations could enter into united front actions on specific issues—wherever the Socialist Party has state organizations. Where the S. P. has no state organization, the consent of the N. E. C. must be obtained. This apparent concession to rank and file temper, is, in fact, a clever fraud. All important regions—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts—are under the iron hand of the Old Guard. And the Old Guard has frankly declared it would rather split the party wide open than sanction united front with Communists. Though the session seemingly worked at cross purposes on unity with Communists, unanimity prevailed on the question of joint action with the Right.



LA GUARDIA DISTRIBUTES THE BURDEN *Limbach*

Everybody, "militants" and all, accepted enthusiastically the proposal for a "survey of the political scene with the aim in view of possible cooperation of a Farmer-Labor party." Immediate negotiations with Mr. William Green, Matthew Woll, et al., were sanctioned. Indeed the Socialist leaders never find it a problem to espouse unity with the enemies of the working-class; it is with the staunchest champions of the proletariat that they grow finicky, cautious, ultra-conservative.

WHEN Sergei Kirov was struck down on December 1, greater masses mourned than ever before for the victim of an assassin. Literally hundreds of millions felt the shock. Kirov was the leader of the Leningrad district, secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The scene of his death was the scene of his labors, the Smolny Institute, and of the most glorious hours of Lenin and the October Revolution. Kirov was one of the youngest of the early Bolsheviks, pupil of Lenin and trusted aide of Stalin. His story was that of the heroic youth of the 1905 Revolution, inured to prison before they were grown, toiling through years of bloody civil war, and the no less harrowing struggle to organize, strengthen and teach the masses, and lead them in the fight for Socialism. But perhaps what

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made his death so sharp a tragedy to the world proletariat was the fact that he had never lost his youth. His utterances reveal the fiery enthusiasm burning beneath the seasoned coolness of the leader. "Ours is a congress of victors," he cried, only a few weeks before his death, in an address to the 17th Party Congress of the Soviet Union. "Working, fighting for Socialism, seeing the giant strides of our victories, one would like to live forever." Millions of factory workers, peasants, soldiers, builders in distant Republics will mourn him and pause to lay his ashes in the tomb, but their mourning will turn to fresh resolve to stamp out the class enemy responsible for his death and to sweep on with greater energy toward the classless society. As his own Red Putilov tractor workers said, "Our ranks are not shaken. . . . We bare our heads and swear that the cause for which Kirov fought and died will be carried to its victorious conclusion."

THE victories of the workers' fatherland multiply. On the day of Kirov's death, the Plenum of the Central Committee of the Soviet Party announced a substantial raise in the wages of all workers and employes, and the abolition of the bread-card system in favor of universal sale of bread and cereals in the state cooperative shops. At the same time Premier Molotov stated that sufficient grain was in hand to last through the 1935 harvest, and that grain delivery and purchases had totalled more than 600 million bushels, compared to 390 million bushels in 1928, when the bread-card ration was introduced.

AS wages go up in the U.S.S.R. the relief-cutting program of Harry L. Hopkins is brought forward in the United States. On Thanksgiving Day, Hopkins is described as rushing off to "lay huge project" before the President. "WORK RELIEF PLAN WITH 8-9 BILLIONS FORMED IN CAPITAL" shouts the headline. "Homestead idea at base," whispers a subhead. This is how the story opens: "Virtual abolition of doles in the form of cash relief is provided for in a tentative plan formulated by Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Emergency Relief Administrator." Taking California out of Upton Sinclair's slogan and putting America in secures a certain euphony. Mr. Hopkins' plan becomes EPIA—End Poverty in America, according to the Washington correspondents. EPIA provides for the following: An expansion of the "subsistence homesteads and rural rehabilitation" programs; a large scale removal of families from unprofitable land to "home sites" where they can live on "a more civilized scale"; federal advance of funds to both categories to equip their homesteads with tools, live stock, etc.; an expansion of factory work, through what F. E. R. A. calls "canning centres," "needlecraft centres," etc.; a large scale low-cost housing program to shelter those unable to move to subsistence homesteads, since it appears there is "no purpose to entirely depopulate the large cities."

WHAT will manufacturers say to competing factory centers, what will the owners of apartments and tenements say to government housing at $6 a room, or 50 percent of the lowest rental standards and if they don't say anything, where will the urban unemployed —with relief cut off and work relief cut down—get the $6 per room? But the insoluble contradictions with which this fantastic EPIA bristles are too obvious to discuss. It seems a huge joke. Yet we can believe that such a plan would please the Mussolini-schooled boys of the Administration. It is a brilliant short-cut to Fascism. Millions placed in remote government control under coolie conditions—military organization to follow, as in the C.C.C. camps—every "subsistence family" registered, and its movements checked by the threat of starvation—efforts at organized self-defense instantly crushed, and so on. We have not yet considered the farmers. Unable to sell what they raise now, what would happen when the unemployed population began to produce farm products? *One-sixth* of the population is on the relief rolls. This was at last admitted by F. E. R. A. on Dec. 3. The latest official figures are for September, giving 18,000,500 on relief. The sum of $143,000,000 was spent the same month, or less than $8 per person per month. Two million on relief work jobs "average only $9.87 each in a recent typical week," continues the report. The average family on relief is said to receive $24 per month, but payments vary enormously for different sections. In Kentucky, for example, the average per family is placed at $10.23 per month. This reaches the all-historic low of $2.50 per month as the living standard per person in the South! The national relief roll has increased 50 percent in the year since September, 1933. And now these 18,000,000 face the threat of being cut off entirely from relief. Only persistent, heroic demands forced unemployment relief in the beginning. Its continuance can be secured by the same means. The instrument for this mass action lies in the National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance, to be held in Washington, January 5-7.

UNDER the battlecry of "Turning to God," the Golden Rule Foundation, a devout organization dedicated to a "fundamental program for reviving the nation's moral and spiritual ideals," has launched its campaign to sell God to America. In its "Call and Program" the organization complains bitterly about the precipitous decline of the churches' income. During the year of 1929 the income raked in by the churches amounted to $1,101,000,000 whereas in 1932 it had fallen to $435,000,000—mere chicken feed so far as the churches are concerned. The Foundation regards this as a national catastrophe for, as it states, "the maintenance of our spiritual ideals, moral standards and character-building institutions is more important than the *recovery of industrial prosperity*." Ignoring the fact that during the days of prosperity the churches were most prosperous, the Foundation considers ways and means for increasing the churches' income. One of its methods is a special lawyers' committee which "can reach most of the leading lawyers with a plea for cooperation in guiding their clients in making bequests to church, charity and character-building agencies." Bankers are also urged to "secure more and better wills" as well as "possible gifts from capital" for, as it archly points out, capital must not forget its "recognized indebtedness to church and society in the acquisition and valuation of property." Among the Foundation's backers are several capitalists who helped finance the vigilante raids on the Coast and from other signs it is quite evident what the Foundation means by the phrase "reviving the nation's moral and spiritual needs." Hitler put it this way: "The moral resurgence of the German people. . . ."

THE United States Supreme Court has again revealed itself as the legal bulwark of capitalist society and the legal defender of imperialist war. Seldom has it made a more momentous decision than that in the case of the University

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of California against pacifist students who refused to take military training. These learned men, liberal and reactionary alike, unanimously decreed that it is the "duty of every citizen to support and to defend Government against all enemies." They held this to be "a fundamental principle of the Constitution," and added from their decision in the Rosika Schwimmer case that "Whatever tends to lessen the willingness of citizens to discharge their duty to bear arms in the country's defense detracts from the strength and safety of the Government." These two statements have only to be combined to render any attack on war, even the pacifism of many of our churchmen, a crime punishable by imprisonment. Mr. Hearst could not ask more of Hughes, Cardozo, Brandeis, and their colleagues of the bench. It is to be noted that they did not even resort to the fiction of a "defensive war," but referred to *"all enemies."* Now if imperialist interests caused us to attack any country, that country would become, by the fact itself, an enemy, and all citizens must bear arms for the greater glory of Wall Street. It is worth noting that Mr. Hughes, the Chief Justice, when campaigning for the presidency in 1916, advertised widely the fact that all wars are caused by economic rivalries and that we must go to war in order to keep our hold on foreign markets. Now, as head of the Supreme Court, he joins in the decree that citizens must defend the Government against all enemies. All persons and organizations opposed to war, especially students in opposition to the R.O.T.C., must agitate and protest against this infamous decree, and put a halt to the war plans of the bankers and industrialists, and *their* government.

"WHY are we opposed to the sales tax? Because, in the first place it is unscientific and difficult of administration; and, in the second place, it puts a burden out of all proportion on a large majority of our people; and, third, because it is contrary to the American system of taxation." These are the words of Fiorello LaGuardia two years ago, speaking for a group of liberals in Congress. Representative LaGuardia led a fight against the sales tax in 1932; Mayor LaGuardia supports the sales tax in 1934, agreeing with the Board of Aldermen in putting this "burden out of all proportion on a large majority of our people . . ." In the same speech, La Guardia of two years ago said further: *"We have other sources from which we might properly derive taxes. I believe we all agree that taxation should . . . be distributed where it can best be borne."* Did Congressman LaGuardia have in mind a capital levy and tax on large incomes? If so, Mayor LaGuardia in the deepening crisis has forgotten about it. The City of New York is being governed by LaGuardia solely in the interests of his masters, the bankers. The bankers' paper, the New York Times, attacked the Daily Worker editorially for opposing the sales tax as a tax on the masses by cynically remarking that "the small purchases of people of scanty incomes will yield but a small portion of the $60,000,000 . . . required." In other words, the poor can't buy anything anyway, so why worry? Then to clinch the argument they added that the "poor man" pays many taxes already, of which he is not conscious. This can only mean that since the poor are taxed so much now what difference will an additional tax make. LaGuardia makes alibis to the masses. "My hands are tied,"—the usual argument of the professional politician. But why are his hands tied only when he talks to the unemployed, to the teachers, to the masses of citizens? Is it because they have not brought to bear on him as much pressure as have the bankers? Mass demonstrations and mass protests could have prevented this tax. LaGuardia should be forced to go to the bankers and tell them: "I would like to keep your agreement, I want to tax the poor, but I can't. My hands are tied." The masses have had these demagogic alibis long enough.

New Masses

VOL. XIII, No. 11 CONTENTS DECEMBER 11, 1934

Editorial Comment 3
Sniping at Scottsboro..... 8
Will the Farmer Go Red?
2: Farmer, Look Down That Road
John Latham 9
Greeks Bearing Gifts.....Robert Forsythe 11
Roosevelt and the Next War
Seymour Waldman 13
How Insull Beat the Rap....Carl Haessler 19
Correspondence..... 21
Review and Comment..... 23
Without Benefit of Literary Editors
Isidor Schneider 23
You Can Fight Here..Joseph Freeman 25
Poet No Longer in Exile
Alfred Kreymborg 26
Brief Review 27
Art:
Salvador Dali, or Life Is a Nightmare
Stephen Alexander 28
The Theatre.....Stanley Burnshaw 29
Flirtation Walk.....Peter Ellis 30
Between Ourselves..... 30
Drawings by
Russell T. Limbach, Jacob Burck, Esther Kriger, Mackey.

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THE President of the New York Board of Education is George J. Ryan who returned a while ago from Italy with a whole trunk-load of cheap Fascist ideas. Among them was the notion that no one must speak in his august presence. Dr. Ryan recently attempted to assert this divine prerogative at a meeting attended by 500 parents, teachers and students, which had been called by the Teachers' Anti-War League to protest against the increasing militarism evident in the New York City schools. No sooner had the meeting been called to order than Dr. Ryan, assuming a posture which he had learned from studying Mussolini in action, announced that he had decided no one was to speak. The agenda under the Doctor's direction was then read and the board to forestall any efforts at a protest of the audience, hurriedly left the platform. The lights were then extinguished and with the hall in utter darkness plain-clothes men and cops entered to make sure there would be no demonstration. Nevertheless the crowd remained de-

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terminedly seated and listened while Dr. Herman F. Reissig of the Kings Highway Congregational Church read under a feeble light the statement prepared by the League. Protests against Dr. Ryan's action are flooding his office, sent there by the United Councils of Working Class Women and by the Unemployed Teachers' Association. Every one else interested in preventing Dr. Ryan from employing his favorite hero's tactics in the future should add their protests to the general onslaught.

THE strike of the Newark Ledger reporters and other editorial employes continues. L. T. Russell, the publisher, has used most of the known methods of strikebreaking and has invented some of his private brand. He has charged that "a group of employes whose age is slightly in excess of 25 years" is seeking to take control of the Ledger's budget and editorial policy. He has raised fantastic issues of free press and "Heywood Broun's communistical Guild" and he has offered to submit the dispute to an "impartial" arbitration board composed of a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi and an Episcopal minister. The issues actually at stake are the right of newspapermen to organize and the provisions of the contract proposed by the Ledger Guild chapter — the 40-hour, 5-day week, a minimum wage scale ranging from $20 to $45, vacation provisions and a grievance committee. Russell has repeatedly refused to sign this contract, but the terms he has offered register improvement. The Ledger has already skipped two issues and the product now appearing on the stands is a miserable hodge-podge of canned stories from the wire services. The Reporter of the Ledger chapter appears regularly in editions of 30,000. The Essex Trade Council has endorsed the strike in principle, but the other Guild chapters and many union locals have shown their sympathy with more than telegrams. After two weeks of strike even William Green finds it good policy to wire moral support. Of the financial pledges made, at least $800 a week is coming through from New York, Cleveland, San Francisco, Philadelphia, El Paso and Fort Worth and other cities. Guild chapters from some of these cities and from Wilmington and Washington, have sent picket units. Last Sunday, a meeting of six hundred people adjourned from City Hall to picket the Ledger office. Plans are under way for a great parade of thousands through the Newark streets. These are the tactics that will win the strike.

THAT militant methods will win strikes, even in time of depression, has again been demonstrated by the victory of the 25,000 silk and rayon dyers in the Paterson area. The strikers refused compulsory arbitration by government boards, they rejected a settlement favored by their lawyer Joelson and local president Ammirato, they kept the Gorman-MacMahon national leadership out of the negotiations—and they won the majority of their demands. They signed a contract calling for a 16 percent wage increase, a 36-hour week, union recognition and several other substantial gains. Ignoring the threats of employers to move out of town, of the mayors to open the mills by force, of secret ballot and red scare maneuvers, the mass picket lines of the dyers held fast. At the decisive point on November 10 when Joelson and Ammirato proposed their settlement, the rank and file of the strikers retained control by voting to back up Charles Vigorito, chairman of the settlement committee. A mass meeting called by the Broad Silk Department of the American Federation of Silk Workers passed resolutions to organize the Negro workers, to condemn the United Textile Workers leadership for betraying the general strike and to reject William Green's letter which ordered expulsion of Communist union members. Green had not called a single union conference for the support of the strike and neither he nor Gorman and MacMahon offered financial support. On the other hand, the Communist Party and the Daily Worker not only pointed the way which carried the dyers to victory but constantly supported their fight. The victory they did register was accomplished through their own solidarity, their aggressive methods and their refusal to hand over the strike to government arbitration boards by relinquishing rank and file control. This realization was demonstrated in some of the most remarkable scenes of Paterson labor history. The dyers and their families who participated in the victory parade to Hinchliffe Stadium sang and danced along the line of march.

SMALL home-owners who ran up against hard times and had to go hat in hand to the Home Owners' Loan Corporation for a mortgage on their property will receive scant cheer from the recent announcement that the government intends to foreclose on them if they don't come across with their interest on the dot. John Fahey, chairman of the Corporation, announces that they will receive no better shrift from Uncle Sam than they would from any cutthroat mortgage loan company. A score of foreclosure proceedings have already been instituted by the legal department and more are in the offing. Though Mr. Fahey is forced to admit that more than 70 percent of the mortgagors are meeting their obligations on the dates when they are payable and that delinquencies have been less than 20 percent, Mr. Fahey is worrying himself sick over the fact that the government may get a gypping from some of the home-owners who can't come across on time. "This Corporation," Mr. Fahey announces, "will not permit mortgagors to take unfair advantage of the generosity of the government, which has rendered them a great service." Meanwhile as Mr. Fahey threatens and the government starts out foreclosing and the home-owner learns that since the HOLC ceased to accept applications there has been a 300 percent rise in foreclosures, we imagine he can't help thinking about that generous RFC which rendered a great service to the big boys to the tune of eight billion and has got back just about two billion of it.

ON the heels of THE NEW MASSES expose of the secret "Hate the Jew" Campaign in American colleges comes the official memorandum issued by the President of Wesleyan University to Wesleyan pre-medical students. The document is significant authentication of John L. Spivak's revelations, but it does more. Quite openly the Wesleyan administration shows its anti-semitic attitude and what is more, indicates that the plan of limiting Jewish students to the percentage of Jews in the total population is becoming a widespread practice in American colleges. The memorandum is in the form of vocational guidance advice to prospective medical students. Signed by James L. Mc Conaughy, President of Wesleyan University and by D. Edward Christians Schneider, Biology Professor, it warns Jewish pre-medical students that they will find it difficult gaining admission into medical colleges because the number of Jewish applicants exceeds by far the percentage of Jews in the total population. The "Hate the Jew" Campaign is spreading swiftly.

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THE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY—"I've come to borrow a cup of sugar!"

Jacob Burck

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Sniping at Scottsboro

LAST week the I.L.D. announced that the application and brief for the writ of certiorari in the appeal of Haywood Patterson had been filed with the United States Supreme Court. With Norris' writ for the appeal already in, the legal fight to save the boys from the electric chair in February again centers on the highest court of the nation.

But it is only the legal battle that centers there. The bitterest battle will be fought on a considerably wider front than the bench of the Supreme Court. For not only will it be a desperate legal battle, and a more desperate battle against the corruption and class antagism of the Southern courts, but this time the I.L.D. must face new enemies. It must fight a combination of forces—liberals, religious organizations, individuals seeking publicity — all banded together in the common purpose of scuttling the defense of the Scottsboro boys which the I.L.D. has with indescribable care and pain been building ever since the boys were first railroaded in the courts of Alabama.

Strenuous efforts, however, are already being made toward welding some of these scattered elements into a real united front for the defense of the boys. Samuel S. Patterson, secretary of the National Scottsboro-Herndon Action Committe, which represents 242 organizations with a total membership of 190,000 persons, has, in particular, made headway in this direction by addressing an appeal to the American Scottsboro Committee for representatives of both groups to meet for a discussion of the problem. Defending the I. L. D. and its handling of the case, he points out that any division in the ranks at this crucial period will merely play into the hands of the lynchers.

Meanwhile the American Scottsboro Committee has been actively engaged in gathering funds, it is marshalling all the forces of reaction, of supine Uncle Tomism and of white supremacy to disrupt the power which the I.L.D. has gained over the Negro masses. Fearing the explosive possibilities of the class war, fearing the Negro may free himself from the social and economic bonds which hold him in subjection, this organization is attempting to place the defense of the boys on the genteel but admittedly ineffectual basis of legal action.

Such a purpose might well be expected of so reactionary an organization, but joining its forces there now struts forth in full war paint a liberal magazine—The Nation. For two successive weeks this magazine has trained the Big Berthas of its enlightened liberalism on the I.L.D., loading its cannon with all the illogicalities, innuendoes and misstatements in its arsenal.

Ever since rumors of the Scottsboro case first reached the liberal ears of the Nation's editors, they have raised their trembling hands in horror at the use of mass action in bringing pressure upon the courts and in forcing the attention of the world upon the Scottsboro case.

During the early days when the N.A.A.C.P. was in a futile way trying to handle the case The Nation was one of its staunchest supporters. Its defense of the organization was largely based on the theory that whereas the N.A.A.C.P. was going about the business in a highly gentlemanly way, the I.L.D. was making a real fight of it by calling on the masses to defend the boys. Again when Arthur Garfield Hays and Clarence Darrow protested against mass action The Nation burst into paragraphs of indignation at the tactics the I.L.D. was employing.

The Nation still views such action with alarm. And though in its recent editorial it begrudgingly admits that only widespread publicity which the mass-pressure movement gave the case, saved the boys from a legal lynching, it still cries halt. Mass pressure, the Nation cries for the thirtieth time, may "stiffen the resistance of the organized forces . . . against which it is directed." And it adds, "The question at issue is not the class struggle, but rescue of the defendants from the electric chair."

The timidity, the illogicality of these remarks are peculiarly symptomatic of that liberal mind which the editors of the Nation so strikingly represent. Though admitting the importance of mass action and its undeniable effectiveness in the Scottsboro case, they instinctively recoil from it. They smell the powder of class war in it and they seek in every way to escape a reality they are forcing themselves to disbelieve in. And The Nation escapes by way of dreams, illogicality and Mr. Leibowitz.

In Mr. Leibowitz they find a perfect avenue for their purpose. Mr. Leibowitz, one of the smartest criminal lawyers in the country, has become for them a mystic oracle whose statements as to his self-assumed rights to act in the Scottsboro case they accept with complete credulity. Their editorials scarcely can contain their admiration for Mr. Leibowitz. When they mention the fact that he in righteous anger withdrew from the Scottsboro case upon hearing that "two I.L.D. lawyers" had been arrested for bribing a witness, they immediately accept the guilt of the lawyers, although both they and Leibowitz could hardly have been unaware of the fact that the charges were solely based on the perjured testimony of no less a discredited trollop than Victoria Price. They commiserate with Mr. Leibowitz for defending the boys without compensation although they know full well that he is one of the wealthiest lawyers in New York City. Without attempting to substantiate their facts, which a simple telephone call would have done, they announce that the I.L.D. has raised "several hundred thousand dollars" for propaganda for the Scottsboro case, implying thereby that Mr. Leibowitz's constantly reiterated charges that "the I.L.D. has been using the Scottsboro case as a meal ticket" are true. They ask rhetorical questions whose answers they could receive by merely giving the person they are shouting at a chance to reply.

It is needless to go further into the dismal picture of the Nation's attempt to discredit the I.L.D. But meanwhile as they wander through the fogs and miasmal mists of their liberalism, being startled by one bogey-man after the other, terrified but fascinated by Fascism, jumping like nervous cats at the threat of revolution, the I.L.D. is fighting the battle for the Scottsboro boys under a clear sky. It knows what its purposes are, it knows its enemies and it knows that mass pressure must be exerted with unprecedented force if the Scottsboro boys are to be saved. But it also realizes that the costs of carrying on the case will be enormous and it is sending an appeal to all its friends and supporters to help it with even greater generosity than they have during the past years of the campaign.

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Will the Farmer Go Red?

2. Farmer, Look Down that Road!

JOHN LATHAM

YANKTON, S. D., Oct. 11.

AT ABOUT the time that the results of the farm vote on the corn-hog reduction program were broadcast, Dr. Tolley, Chief of the planning division of the Triple A gave out a statement that the A.A.A. program was headed not toward an economy of scarcity but one of abundance. He produced figures to show that in 1932-33 we had only 280 million acres of land devoted to the production of food and if all the 125 million in the United States were eating a liberal diet we would need 355 million acres in production.

This is typical of the way the left hand of the Department of Agriculture never seems to know what the right hand is up to. It is true only to a certain extent. These trapeze performers attempt to justify their own contradictions. Dr. Tolley's announcement is perhaps a step toward the back-water long time program that will next be attempted. Dr. Tolley admits that crop reduction is only an emergency program but claims it is necessary in order to establish a lost balance between prices of agricultural products and other commodities. How a wider market, domestic or foreign, can be accomplished is something that will be passed on to the N.R.A. Passing the buck is a neat business and is about as far as these different set-ups will get toward solving the basic problem of getting enough people to work at wages considerable enough to buy. Rumors are loud out here that some of the plans projected have been admitted by those planning them to be unworkable under the present system. Barricaded as the planners are in offices, even they admit, so the rumor goes, that the necessary restrictions can never be enforced in a system that only guarantees profit to a few and loss of freedom to the many.

As for the farmer, his horse sense didn't need Dr. Tolley to prove that more not less food was needed. His vote on the farm-hog reduction program in Iowa where the victory was supposed to be most conclusive, represented about one-third of the total number of signers as yesmen. This in a year when everyone has been soothed by relief money and the threat of withdrawal of relief hangs over hundreds of thousands of heads if they do not "cooperate." Half of the farmers who had signed the program did not bother to vote. Of those who did vote, the yesmen were in the majority but that majority represented a minority of the total number. The fact is that so long as a reduction program is in force, more farmers will enter into it than agree to it for the reason that not to enter it means a penalty without benefits. The farmer can't sell his hogs without getting the processing tax nicked out of the market price and yet he does not get the benefit awarded the signers.

Very few farmers are heart and soul back of the Triple A program. County agents enthuse, many town people think it is just wonderful. Bankers are not so happy about it because the benefits to the farmer are not large enough to assist him much in paying off chattel mortgages. Organizations like Farmers' Union, Holiday and United Farmers' League have been steadily opposed to the reduction program. Newspaper editors who meet officials from Washington think it will save the day, coupled of course with some panacea of their own or of their favorite politician. Cost of production, scaling down of debts, sealed corncribs and the idea extended to wheat, refinancing and bankruptcy all figure in the talk that buzzes confusedly. A wave of reformism is here and it is getting more attention from the public than it ever got before. Third party tickets have burst into rockribbed conservative Iowa. The Communists ran a full ticket in that state for the first time in its history. The Farm-Labor Party swung into a campaign based on demand for cost of production for the farmer. Many farmers are flirting with ideas of inflation. Money always had a strong hold on the imagination of the farm belt. Bryan's sixteen to one took wings out here. All the different ideas become more a bramble weed the longer one listens to them. People of all classes are desperate and are hunting for any way out except the one inevitable revolutionary way. They are meanwhile putting a patch here and a patch there on the old profit system and when there is a blowout, it's patches they look for, not new tires.

The wonder is that the farmer is not more confused. The plans for his salvation do not originate in his head. They come from higher up. Down below is the farmer doggedly determined to keep at his business. He knows how to produce and he knows the world needs food. The uppercrust fellows like the hardboiled business men and banker-advisers can sit around and say, as they do, "whether it is under-consumption or overproduction it is all the same. Farming is a business and the farmer is a fool to produce more than the market." The answer is not that the farmer considers himself a fool but that he is beginning to ask what is the matter with a business that can't tap the only market available, the home market. Even the heads of the A.A.A. see that there can be no salvation for the farmer without this wider home market. The difficulty lies in how to get it. Processing and benefits coupled with the drought have raised prices and tended to narrow the market for those products that have risen. Poor people will buy beef if pork is high. They are doing just that.

The farmer is also getting all types of information that are slowly educating him. It leaks in from the Communists and from statistics that even proponents of the Frazier-Lemke bills project into their talk. Farmers are amazed to discover that we import grass pork from the Argentine. Dressed, it went for 32 cents a pound at a time when live hog in the United States sold for 4 cents. Boys in the C.C.C. were fed this tinned beef. Whole eggs in the shell poured in from China at 19 cents a dozen during a July when Jersey farmers were getting 14 cents. Cotton that was plowed under in the south and brought 12 cents when sold in July was bought for 14 cents from 10 foreign countries to the tune of 5,446,595 pounds. All this to be found in an interesting journal called the Monthly Summary of Foreign Commerce, a government publication.

If the farmer is to consider farming as a business on its present day terms with no wider range of market, he sees himself and millions of his kind doomed to a lower standard of living than he had dreamed, literally enslaved to small patches of ground with less and less freedom and right of choice than even his present poverty has allowed him. This is the road down which he must go if the profit in farming remains the motive.

Under the confusion, the threatened splits in farm groups, the break between conservative and radical wings in the Farmers' Union, under the apparent stagnation of militant action on groups like United Farmers' League and Holiday is an insistent question. What is the farmer's future? What chance has he? He wants to keep his farm, he wants the debts wiped out, he wants to eat. And he does not want war.

These basic demands hammer away beneath all the talk and the bickering. They press insistently for an answer and will be more insistent as time goes on. It is not simple to catalogue the thoughts of farmers. While most rich farmers are for planned economy many poor farmers still pin hopes on Roosevelt. Everywhere is hope that next year will bring a good crop. At the same time few admit that one or even two good crops will pull them out of the hole. Even some newspaper editors and owners are coming out for wiping out the farm debt as the only possible way to build up for the future. These men are a year behind the militant Farmers' Conference at Chicago, just as the insistent de-

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mands of the farmers for land, cancellation of debts and food are ahead of all the panaceas now being promoted for apparently those ends.

The rich farmer, while for planned economy, is not content. Even he gags at shooting animals and building up a big acreage to lie fallow. Farmers west of the river in South Dakota report that some of their number have broken up tractors with hammers. The rich farmer feels that the little fellow should be eliminated. If the market is too narrow, he, the big efficient fellow, should get it all. He is a big talker against shiftless men and those whom he labels as characterless.

Here's one of the richest ranchers west of the Missouri in South Dakota. He is the county agent's pet and the county agent of Jones County shows him off proudly as an example of upstanding farmer. He is wintering through 900 cattle. He disposed of 100, only 10 percent. The average for the county is 45 percent and for the state 60 percent so it is clear that this man is favored in being allowed to keep his cattle and cash in when the market rises. When the poor farmer must build up his herd again, if he ever can, he is the man who can furnish the animals. Back in 1920 this farmer borrowed $96,000 on cattle. He has reduced his debt to $11,000. He has controlled 10 sections of land and last year built two dams at a cost of $1,900 so that he has that rarity, water. He has wheat to winter his animals on. In 1932 he thrashed 35,000 bushels of wheat to winter his animals on. In 1932 he thrashed 35,000 bushels of wheat and some of it is still unsold. Debts and interest compelled him to sell much of it at the 1932 lows. He has about $22,000 mortgage that has been scaled down through refinancing some $4,500. This farmer is dead set against relief. He is practically the only man in his county who is not on cattle feed relief. If his neighbors did not get relief, their cattle would starve or be sold to the government and only his remain. Presumably this is his goal. The poor farmer who has no feed must obey instructions and dispose of whatever cattle the investigator recommends. They call it "cooperating with the government." It doesn't take a magnifying glass to discover that the poor farmer is penalized for his poverty. Some of them have got rid of every animal. For such miserable souls the government may allot the use of a few milk cows. They are not to be owned by the farmer but they must be fed. If he has a little fodder or thistle put up, he may have the use of such an animal. Few farmers so low that they have no animals, have feed. Feed and roughage are almost like gold.

The rich farmer who wants relief wiped out, points to a neighbor of his whose "shiftlessness" has ruined him. The neighbor has only 320 acres of land and the pernicious drifting of soil has choked his crops, has sifted in evil heaps up around his very door. There is no argument about inefficiency. It is almost a mathematical certainty, farm experts say, that the man with a small acreage, especially in lands tending to submarginal, is under a greater economic handicap. Under the reduction program such a man is heavily handicapped. He has less alternatives than the big farmer. The amount of combinations the big fellow can turn to is larger than the smaller farmer can possibly control. This rich farmer brags that he thrashed some 300 bushels of wheat even in this bad year but he forgets that he cultivates some 2,000 acres. The poor farmer did not get one crop.

The son of the rich farmer admitted that the poor farmer could never hope to lay up a surplus in good years to last through lean years. He is limited in every way. When sowing time comes the rich farmer can turn out with tractors and searchlights and work night and day to get in the seed while the poor fellow is turning around and maybe losing the precious moment. The son sees these details because he had to leave college to be his father's right hand man and he gets $2 a week. He admits that no farmer aroundabout can compete with that.

The son showed us the cattle sitting bleary eyed with dull coats on what looked like nothing but trampled mud. Earlier in the day a relief man had stated that there wasn't enough grass in a quarter section to feed a horse. Two carcasses of dead cows lay in the path. The son was uneasy at the heaps of skin and bones. He wants to know if people in the East don't think they are crazy to shoot their animals. He thinks so himself. When the idea comes to him that there are millions hungry and in need of shoes he looks wildeyed. We are on a hillside and the animals are shuffling off away from us. There are a few mangy trees near the pond. The young man has just outlined the necessity of damming every little runnel, of planting trees to prevent more soil erosion. He is enthusiastic about his plans and earlier stated that Americans love a fight. The drought is a fight, grasshoppers are a fight. Now he looks around wildly as if hunting for something. "They've got to get the best brains in the country working on this," he says. Even as he says it you can see doubt working up around his very eyes. He wants to spend his life producing more in this country where as he naively says, men are good to "animals and women." His mother died a year ago, a strong woman suddenly mowed down after raising four sons with never so much as a hired girl except in thrashing season.

This young man who has benefited by the A.A.A. is still in doubt of it. He too talks of the shiftless farmer and narrates hurriedly, as if to convince himself, stories of bright boys who made good. But his father, that very afternoon, was on his way to the bank for another loan. He was willing to give up some land if he could get his interest scaled down. Land, he says, is of no value any more. He thinks he was a fool not to sell back in war time when someone actually offered him $25 cash per acre. But he held out for $28.

He is holding out now for all he can get. The son's pride in production, as a thing in itself, stems from the father's pride in acquisition. The father and son will continue the favorites of the planned economy of the profit system.

The soothing syrup of relief has doped the farmers for the present. But in spite of the dope they asserted themselves not to vote an overwhelming yes to the cornhog reduction. Perhaps if the cornhog money had not leaked out to creditors almost before the farmer got to the top of the courthouse steps, there might be more enthusiasm about it. Who gets the money? Listen to this Nebraska man, head of an allottment committee of Pierce County, who hands out checks. His father homesteaded this county, his mother worked in a factory at eleven. He says that farmers getting cornhog checks are broke within 24 hours. Some of the checks never get any further than the top of the stairs to the tax collector's office. The big insurance companies are sitting around like buzzards. This man rents land in Knox County and on Sunday he went there to round up some horses who were on poor grassland. He rode 54 miles in the saddle and is proud of his pioneer virtues. Like all men out here who still have something, he is inclined to take too much credit for his character. His eye is keener, however, than his head, because before the story is out he exposes that his thrifty industrious father has been obliged to clap a mortgage on his farm. His careful, busy father-in-law is going to lose his farm home. And in Knox County all his neighbors were holding a meeting the Sunday he was there. They wanted him to join them, to promise not to pay rent to the insurance companies who hold leases on all the land aroundabout. They couldn't pay anyhow except dribs from their cornhog money, the only cash they've laid hands on for months. The whole bunch pledged to pay no rent. "We are moving in the spring," they told him. Their move is as much against the greed of the insurance companies as due to their inability to pay. A Holiday man told me that a slogan had been discussed at the Holiday convention and some suggested, "Save our homes." In his opinion, this was too late. More than 90 percent have lost or have homes so mortgaged as to be no longer theirs. He suggested, "Restore the stolen property."

Farmers sense rather than realize the incline down which most of them will be expected to go. Some even see the high wall rising before them. They say when they get pushed up against it, when reduction programs have stripped them, and mortgages have lopped them of land and of the base on which they must operate, then a little door will open, and inside will be a subsistence farm and a pair of wooden shoes. Farm leaders say you will never get the farmers

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that low, but most of them admit that in their estimation that is what is really meant by the long time plan of the A.A.A.

Here's a sample. It's called the Jamesville Rehabilitation Center, located near Yankton, South Dakota. For all the talk of the hundreds and thousands of farmers being moved, few have been moved as yet. This is one of the very few operating units in the midwest. Give them credit; a great deal of work has been accomplished since April 1. They don't call it a subsistence farm, you notice. They want to sugar it and in the little bi-monthly mimeographed sheet got out by the woman director sunny verses cheer the homesteader.

> New Pioneers, brave, young, new Pioneers,
> Moving on to reach the home of fondest dreams
> Staunch hearts have they, these builders of our prairie homes.
> May they build well.
> And into the firm fabric of their dreams
> Weave much of the wide prairie's tranquil peace,
> The strength of rugged hills,
> Their faith in God, themselves and this fair land.

The 25 families who have come here are carefully selected and when they leave their communities, they leave them weaker. There are nice big collective houses here, leftover from a Mennonite settlement. The newcomers have built frame second stories, installed water and electric systems. By water systems I do not mean modern conveniences but water from a central pump. Although the families of the boss farmer and superintendent are small, 3 and 4 in number, the apartments of these higher-ups contain from 5 to 6 rooms. The farm families averaging 5 to a family are squeezed into one and two room apartments. The group milks some 40 cows, has chickens and a big truck garden as well as about 400 acres of cultivated land. The men are paid 30 cents an hour for their labor, five cents below the state rate of relief work, and must buy back their products. A budget is made out for them and they work out the amount of this prepared budget. A father of a family of 6 must work 70 hours a week to pay for his budget of $21. The main item in the budget is food, around $5.97, the next largest item is *administrative expense, $4.* Fuel tapers to 50 cents, household furnishings to 75 cents, clothing $3.48, shelter $1.20, cash allowance $1.20 and he is supposed to save $3 for the future.

The big administrative expense is a sore spot and in the early summer union activities had "to be broken up." The superintendent says that "agitators" from Yankton came in and made a lot of trouble. Four families had to leave. This center is to be a sifting ground for other more permanent rehabilitation schemes. Apparently the submissive are to be rewarded. Just how much of a reward they themselves consider it may be seen by their despondent reaction to the recent visit of Mr. Eberle, State head of the Rehabilitation scheme. He outlined their futures on ten-acre tracts near Sioux Falls.

They had apparently borne up under the supervision all summer. Suddenly they found themselves face to face with a future as confined as a jail. Even the "experts" cannot tell you what they will raise on these small plots. Only by continued benefit payments can they compensate such farmers for their definite economic handicap yet they persist in thinking of the future of such farming as "self-sustaining." Whatever the figures and assurances being broadcast by Hopkins in Washington, in all this area of the midwest, no one seems to know just how such projects can even be accomplished. Experts on soil, on drainage, on almost everything are wandering around contradicting one another. Meanwhile near Yankton, 25 families grimly await their future. They had in mind a future of opportunity. Suddenly they see a clear picture of unremitting toil, of a grind that can never lift them above serfdom, a system that will try to shackle them forever.

Yes, advantages they will have doubtless. Medical attention and free vaccination for children, those rights that should be guaranteed to anyone alive. They will even have toilets, they are told, and electric lights. Jails have those. No free man ever willingly sold himself for such a mess of pottage.

Next week the third article in John Latham's series will describe conditions in North Dakota.—THE EDITORS.

Greeks Expecting Gifts

ROBERT FORSYTHE

LOVE touches me and I must confess that when I read the details of the wedding in Westminster Abbey on Thanksgiving Day I regretted that I had not been born a Greek relative. Although the New York Sun was impolite enough to hint that Queen Mary sat bolt upright in the royal carriage because she always feels sick after riding a few hundred yards in the thing, I am sure that I could have managed the journey from the Palace to the Abbey. I might have had trouble in getting through the Greek Orthodox service which followed the Episcopal ordeal in the Abbey, but I am certain that I should have borne up well during the ceremony of raising the allowance to £25,000 a year.

It was rather jolly of the common people to stay up all night waiting for the procession because it was damp and foggy and nobody has ever been known to thrive on a brick walk at midnight, but after all a show is something the common people hardly ever see and a free show is even better. Harold E. Scarborough in the New York Herald Tribune had the audacity to say that "every known agency of publicity has been worked at high pressure to stir public interest in the first royal marriage in ten years," but Mr. Scarborough may be set down as a gentleman who does not know how charmed England is by romance. He would profit by reading what Margot Asquith had to say about the marriage.

"I have attended many state ceremonies in Westminster Abbey," said Lady Asquith, "but what differentiated this from other great weddings was that everyone felt that on this occasion they were witnessing a marriage of love."

This was felt, it has been reported, even by the Russian and Greek relatives, who turned out in most amazing numbers for the ceremony and practically ate the folks at Buckingham out of house and home. The relatives have been suffering acutely from lack of sustenance since their withdrawal from their respective countries at the request of the populace. Arising out of this circumstance, it is rumored that an embarrassing scene happened at the dress rehearsal of the wedding. Upon reaching the point where the Archbishop asked, "Do you promise to love and cherish your husband?" Marina was anticipated in her response by her relatives who answered in joyous unison, "We do!"

But to continue with Margot Asquith: "Love can never be harnessed and can seldom be controlled. It is the mainspring of life, the conqueror of death, and the flame of a heart which no draft can put out. Love acts as a sort of dynamite in body and soul—it explodes itself."

These are strong words and I would perhaps not be prepared to go to such lengths, but I can say only in humbleness that Margot has expressed my sentiments exactly. Love explodes! How perfectly apt. It is almost an epitaph for Reno. The Rota at the Vatican could have it engraved over the entrance.

The procession itself was a bit disappointing. There was plenty of fainting, probably due to over-eating, but there was a marked absence of swooning. A gentleman did swoon at the entrance of Westminster Abbey, but it was found later that it was only Mr. Frederick T. Birchall of the New York Times. His swoon lasted for the better part of twenty-four hours, covering two columns of the distinguished newspaper which employs him, but

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Mackey

this was attributed to the fact that Mr. Birchall is an Englishman who is only now, after twenty years, able to return to his native land and swoon. The ceremony in Westminster Abbey was not only, therefore, the uniting of the royal house of England and the ex-house of Greece, but it was the reunion of Mr. Birchall and his beloved ones.

The procession itself, I am constrained to say, was a bit of a bust. The New York Sun correspondent wrote: "If the truth be told, the royal procession to Westminster Abbey was not as impressive as the ceremonies surrounding the King's opening of Parliament. It consisted of just a few carriages, with gold-laced footmen standing at the rear axle and with the escorts of glittering lifeguards and dragoons cantering between. It passed by in less than two minutes. The sensations of the fifty dollar seat holders must have been like those suffered on paying $100 for a ringside seat only to see the contender knocked out in the first minute of the first round."

The Sun man might have selected his metaphor with more delicacy and he might well have mentioned the extreme pleasure of the citizens who had stood in the fog since midnight for the sight of the carriages bumbling hastily by. He has not told of the joy of the dole-receivers at the sight of Princess Marina, at last off dole herself. He has not told of the sighs of happiness from the assembled royal relatives who will now have another table to feed from. These people are exiles; they are unhappy and distressed; some of them have even had to work. I think our friend of the Sun might well have extended his piece to include these facts.

He might also have mentioned the movement to end poverty which has arisen out of the union of George Edward Alexander Edmund and Marina. Led by Duke of Sutherland (George Sutherland-Leveson-Gower), Lord Duke of Pavenham (George-Lawson-Johnson) and George Arliss (George-Arliss), "the Georges" are going to "establish a fund to provide the little amenities denied the children of the workless at Christmas and vacation time." For the rest of the year they will doubtless have to depend upon "the Johns" and "the Cyrils," but it is clear now that the depression is going to be handled. When you add "the Georges" to the New York Times Hundred Neediest Cases and to those that Mr. Hodson will drop from the relief, in New York City, you may say that unemployment has at last been solved.

The exit of the royal pair was most exciting of all. It had evidently been arranged by Cecil B. DeMille. Says the Associated Press: "One entire section of the platform, on which lavishly appointed royal coaches waited, was enclosed by bleachers rising at both ends and occupied by several hundred top-hatted and bejeweled spectators. A thick red carpet under foot gleamed beneath the battery of twenty-five arc lights—which customarily glare down on prizefights at Albert Hall. Chrysanthemums, thousands of them, white and yellow, were banked on both sides of the entrance. . . . A burst of cheering from without heralded their arrival, and moments later Marina stepped in the calcium glare, followed closely by the Duke."

And possibly the royal press agent.

Outside the weather was still bad, the spectators still fainting and the crown still intact. The Associated Press also said: "An elderly woman who looked as though she might not have eaten a square meal in months, looked up at the dripping skies and remarked: 'It's a wonderful day for the dears.'"

Bread and circuses and weddings. In Newcastle, New South Wales, 12,000 miles away, George Edward Alexander Edmund's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, was experiencing one of the hottest days of the Australian summer. He was off selling the Empire to its rightful owners, a task which will now be taken over in great part by the Duke of Kent, the husband of Marina. The Prince of Wales was not at his best at the wedding. He was nervous. "The Prince fingered the collar of his uniform, looked to the right and left at the guests, hitched up his belt and turned the pages of his program." A bit later on, the Duke of Gloucester will be thrown to the populace in the guise of Romance. The Prince himself can't keep away forever. Even the King was nervous with the thought perhaps that he would be needed soon as a spectacle and marriage is no longer possible. "He fumbled with his sword, finally getting entangled in it as he sat down."

The Brooklyn Eagle brought a sinister note to the proceeding: "George and Marina were pronounced man and wife at 11:13, only thirteen minutes after the service started." It sounded like a bulletin from Sing Sing.

It also sounded like a prophecy.

"Royalty was given one last full meal, anything it wanted. Public indignation was turned on at midnight. The dynasty fell and was pronounced dead at 12:15."

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Roosevelt and the Next War

A Survey of the "Good Neighbor Policy" in Action

SEYMOUR WALDMAN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT announced in his Inaugural Address:

> I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor—the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and, because he does so, respects the rights of others—the neighbor who respects his obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreements in and with a world of neighbors.

And so a new imperialist euphemism was launched. The reality behind the "good neighbor" phrase parallels the domestic actuality of the "New Deal," the slogan under which finance capital consolidated its power and imposed a lower standard of living on the working and salaried classes through a use of the State apparatus unprecedented in time of peace.

Under the "good neighbor" policy, American capitalism cooperates with Tokio and Nanking in arming Chiang Kai-shek against the Chinese workers and peasants—and at the same time angles for British support in preparing for war against Japan. It strives desperately to stabilize its overlordship in Latin America. Fearful of a Soviet Germany, it turns the other cheek to Hitler. It has stepped up its tempo in the war of the currencies by fixing a 60 percent dollar on the basis of the already devalued British pound-sterling.

Since the United States is the most powerful country in the capitalist world, and any crucial move it makes affects other Powers, it is obvious that its foreign policy can only be understood when looked at within the framework of world affairs. This picture reflects, above all, continual attempts by the crisis-pressed countries to extricate themselves from the deepening morass mainly at the expense of their own and colonial or semi-colonial working and poor-farmer classes. The resulting social fermentation and the growing uncertainty of the dominant bankers and industrialists as to the possibility of getting out of the mess solely by intensified exploitation of their own and subordinate peoples, has caused the imperialists to look more and more to war as the "cure." But war requires allies. Hence a worldwide search for war partners, resulting in continually shifting political alliances and maneuvers—zig-zags in the imperialist fever chart—the prelude to the ultimate world war. Out of this churn, American foreign policies take form.

The reluctance of the Roosevelt Administration to embarrass the Hitler Government by pressing for payment of the approximate billion and a half gold marks of short-term credits loaned by American to German banks and the half billion loaned by non-banking creditors is motivated by the desire to obtain terms at least as favorable as those that British imperialism is getting on the long-term Dawes and Young plan debt payments, and by fear of harming the extensive investments of American capitalists in Germany. Moreover, the State Department is fully aware that pressing the Thyssens, Krupps, von Schroeders and others who boss Hitler would hasten the establishment of a Soviet Germany, and thus change the political and economic outlook for the entire world.

The long-continued effort of the Roosevelt Administration to effect an Anglo-American united front against the demand of Japanese imperialism for naval parity inspired Japan to place, through its puppet, Manchukuo, a $40,000,000 railway equipment and steel order with the Federation of British Industries delegation then visiting Manchuria. This came at a strategic moment, during the naval conversations among the three Powers last month. The United States naval delegates refused to consider the Japanese submarine a "defensive" weapon, or to admit American aircraft carriers to be "offensive." This stems from a determination to oppose Japanese domination of Far Eastern markets and from the global decrease in U. S. exports from $5,240,995,000 in 1929 to $1,674,994,000 in 1933. The decrease was due partly to Japan's inroads into American trade in Latin America.

The United States is placing increasing dependence upon American-trained military forces of the native Latin-American bourgeoisie, rather than on Marines. This will deprive British and Japanese competitors of the opportunity of exploiting demagogically, for their own ends, the masses' growing resentment against North American economic aggression. When necessary, however, American battleships intervene, in spite of the disinclination toward "armed intervention" officially voiced by the New Deal.

Recent American efforts to bludgeon the Soviet Union by declaring it in default, and by delaying the trade negotiations, encourages Japanese provocations against the Soviets and speeds the war clouds in the Far East. The State Department does not seem to realize that the same debt terms which the Kremlin offered William C. Bullitt in 1919 are not to be offered fifteen or sixteen years later. This is partly the result of the sixteen years' non-recognition policy. It certainly does not fool the Russians, who long ago defeated similar attempts of French and British imperialism to blackjack the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Union is in constant danger of attack, now from one capitalist phalanx, now from another. Assuredly, a group of capitalist countries sooner or later will attack it. But this does not mean that there is any prospect of an immediate alliance between the imperialist governments of Japan and the United States against the Soviet Union. On the contrary. For the immediate future, developments presage increasing friction between American and Japanese imperialism. Before an attack is made on the Soviet Union there will be many changes in diplomatic tactics. Basic rivalries among the imperialist countries have operated to permit the Soviet Union to industrialize itself without the added burden of a war. They still are in force.

For a good many years after the victorious robbers' Versailles, the Quai d'Orsay tried in vain every conceivable approach to ally itself with 10 Downing Street against the Wilhelmstrasse. When German finance capital placed Hitler in power, France, formerly one of the most active leaders in the European anti-Soviet bloc, effected a rapprochement with the Soviet Union. Of course, permanency is not a feature of the Franco-Soviet rapprochement since it is predicated upon a Hitler Germany. But nonetheless, only because of this development did British imperialism come around. Stanley Baldwin, Conservative leader, suddenly acutely conscious of the risks connected with further encouragement of Nazi imperialism, hastened to assure France and notify Germany that England's frontier extends to the Rhine.

Similarly, the recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States, which is preparing for war in the Far East, was dictated by the necessity for a move against Japan's ambitions in China. However practically motivated, the recognition of the Soviet Union was a peace move since it strengthened the Soviet Union and helped to persuade Japanese imperialism to keep "its snout out of the Soviet garden," as Stalin aptly phrased it. But only temporarily. At the same time American capitalism is arming Chiang Kai-shek against Soviet China—thus again bolstering Tokio, with whom Nanking is cooperating in the campaigns against Soviet China.

The Communist Party summed up this situation at its eighth convention in April, 1934. It declared: "Roosevelt's policies are interlocked with the policies of world capitalism, characterized everywhere by the desperate attempt to get out of the crisis at the expense of the masses by means of Fascism, war and intervention."

The Soviet Union, on the other hand, is

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waging an active struggle for peace. It supports all the peace efforts being made by the various capitalist countries, irrespective of their motivation. It arms solely for self-defense. As Ambassador Bullitt declared before the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, on January 19, 1934:

> It is clear to anyone who has studied with care the world political situation and the attitude of the Soviet Government toward peace that the Soviet Union today does not intend to engage in any war except in self-defense: if war comes between the Soviet Union and any of its neighbors, it is not likely that the initiative will have been taken by or be attributable to it.

Deep and Abiding Interest in Cuba

TO carry on its exploitation of Latin American workers, peasants and lower middle-classes, the American business oligarchy is desperately attempting to accomplish the impossible—stabilize a tremendous area for quiet and profitable development and expansion. Through its "good neighbor" government, it hopes to control what it has and to penetrate what it would like to have. It seeks to do this by a number of means: changing the military or economic form of overlording whenever expedient; discarding whatever is advantageous to its imperialist rivals or to its most dangerous opponents, the revolutionary movement of workers and peasants in each Latin American country; supplying armaments and munitions for strike-breaking. It also strives to siphon off discontent through trade agreements. It strengthens its ally, the native bourgeoisie, through making ostensible concessions to national independence and withdrawing the marines to the applause of its own and the native underling press. Finally, it employs timely military and financial missions—and currency weapons—in the hope of besting British, German, Japanese and French competition.

In short, the present imperialist Administration is attempting to perpetuate the feudal subjection of Latin American workers and farmers, particularly the nitrate and metal miners of Chile, Mexico and Peru, and the agricultural peons of the banana and sugar plantations in Costa Rica, Cuba, Colombia, Nicaragua and Honduras.

For public consumption, Secretary of Commerce Roper, a former legal representative of the big Cuban sugar companies, said to the National Foreign Trade Convention, at its meeting on October 31, 1934: "The people of the United States have over five billion dollars invested in Latin America and this must convince us that we share both a responsibility and an opportunity as partners in the development of its economic life." The familiar partnership of the lion and the lamb.

The bourgeoisie of Cuba and other Latin American countries have been completely incorporated into the machinery of United States imperialism by the world crisis. This was demonstrated at the Seventh Pan-American Conference at Montevideo, Uruguay, Dec. 3 to 26, 1933.

The State Department was conciliatory throughout the conference and played off one Latin American bourgeoisie against the other. It was fearful lest the conference become a sounding board for its critics before certain sore spots had been effaced. On the other hand, the Latin American bourgeoisie, pressed by revolutionary workers and peasants, could hope to retain its preferred places only as part of the retinue and bodyguard of spread eagle imperialism. Secretary of State Cordell Hull actually succeeded in turning what formerly had been a forum for attacks upon United States imperialism (the Havana conference in 1928 nearly broke up over U. S. intervention in Nicaragua) into a mutual admiration society.

The nearest approach to a contretemps presented itself during the discussion on intervention, especially the resolution against intervention. The United States supported this resolution, declaring that it would not intervene except after consultation with other Latin American countries. However, nothing was said about doing anything more than consulting before intervening. Moreover, the Hull contingent reserved the right to land troops temporarily to evacuate Americans. And the duration of these temporary landings is not fixed.

As Lenin explained in *Imperialism,* whatever economic or military forms imperialism takes, it always retains the essence of its overlordship—the exploitation of one class by another.

Secretary Hull said on Sept. 11, 1933: "In view of its deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the Cuban people and the security of the Republic of Cuba, our government is prepared to welcome any government representing the will of the people of the Republic and capable of maintaining law and order throughout the Island . . ." He said that "the chief concern of the Government of the United States is, as it has been, that Cuba solve her own political problems in accordance with the desires of the Cuban people themselves. It would seem unnecessary to repeat that the Government of the United States has no interest in behalf or prejudice against any political group or independent organization which is today active in the political life of Cuba." Roosevelt, in his Woodrow Wilson Foundation speech, on Dec. 28, 1933, declared that "the definite policy of the United States from now on is one opposed to armed intervention."

In less than five months twenty-nine American warships nosed their "good neighbor" guns over Cuba.

War had not been declared on Cuba—nor intervention formally announced. The people, led by the revolutionary vanguard of the workers, had simply gone out into the streets to get rid of the assassin, Gerardo de Machado, former superintendent of J. P. Morgan's Electric Bond & Share Corporation, who had been serving American imperialism as its viceroy in Cuba. The Cuban workers and peasants compelled the State Department, acting through Assistant Secretary of State Sumner Welles, to remove Machado —safe from the just wrath of the Cubans, and in sufficient time to permit him to ship a great deal of cash to this and other countries.

The United States then imposed the reactionary Cespedes, who in turn was forced out by enlisted men, students and workers. Cespedes was too raw, though set up, or rather propped up, by Welles. Grau San Martin came in. But Grau, unable to prevent the seizure of the sugar mills by workers, was considered undependable by his imperialist masters. He was not "recognized" by Washington and hence his exit. Cuba was in ferment. Finally Washington secured a dependable man in Colonel Mendieta—one who could and does cooperate 100 percent by spouting demagogy, while he imports armored cars, munitions and gas for use against Cuban strikers and attacks the Cuban revolutionary movement.

In his Woodrow Wilson Foundation address, President Roosevelt, referring approvingly to the World War President under whom he served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, declared that "material instincts must never be made superior to human liberty." Welles, the State Department backstage generalissimo on the Cuban front, extended this demagogy in a speech to the Young Democratic Clubs of America on March 29, 1934. After reciting the inaugural "good neighbor" passage (by now an Administration ritual) Welles said: "American capital invested abroad should, in fact as well as in theory, be subordinate to the authority of the people of the country where it is located."

Exactly a month later the State Department announced the New Treaty with Cuba. It was ballyhooed throughout the country as something which gave Cuba "sovereignty" through abrogating everything in the baldly phrased interventionist Platt Amendment *except the clause providing for the maintenance of an American naval base at Guantanamo.* Of course, sovereignty was not granted to Cuba. The United States merely threw overboard something it didn't need. As long as it keeps for itself the right to intervene to protect "life and property" it is thoroughly safe without formal verbiage setting forth its imperialist prerogatives. The abrogation of everything vital in the Platt Amendment except the provision for the *naval base* was a gesture helpful to the Mendieta government. Mendieta and his gang were strengthened in the interest of American finance capital against the Cuban workers and poor farmers.

The State Department insisted, when it announced the new treaty, that United States

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battleships entered Cuban waters only for the protection of American lives and property.

Colonel Batista and other Cuban officials, acceptable to Washington, could say to the Cuban agricultural workers, "See, we got rid of the detestable Platt Amendment." But the terror against Cuban workers goes on.

Suppose Cuban workers should seize the factories and set up their Soviets? That, replied State Department officials, is another question.

The Anti-Imperialist League stated the situation:

> The rebellion of the masses in the colonial and semi-colonial countries against imperialism, especially the revolutionary movement in Cuba, has forced Wall Street to take one step after another in the direction of adopting a new application of dollar imperialism. In Cuba, without sacrificing any essential element in its interventionist tactics, the Roosevelt government hopes to strengthen the hand of Mendieta in crushing the revolutionary movement.

The announced intention to negotiate trade agreements with other countries, and thus counter the increasing economic nationalism that is narrowing the markets for American goods, is not expected to be successful because the most-favored-nation principle, under which concessions given to one country are simultaneously extended to all countries, tends to vitiate such trade treaties. Especially since nearly all other countries have most-favored-nation agreements. Moreover, in the competitive lines, generalized reductions are of little value. In addition, the power of the vested or monopoly interests in this country is on the side of continued tariff protection.

Thus far the United States has not reached first base on a trade swap with Great Britain. It has announced its intention to negotiate trade agreements with Belgium, Colombia, Haiti, Brazil, Switzerland, Sweden, Spain and the five Central American countries, but has completed only one, with Cuba —or rather with Mendieta, its Cuban viceroy.

This new trade treaty with Cuba, made by the President under the Trade Agreement Act—a measure which gives the President power to negotiate treaties reducing the rates of duty up to 50 percent on foreign products entering the United States—is intended to be the means of simultaneously favoring American industry and agriculture and strengthening the economic base of the Cuban sugar industry. It is also supposed to mollify mass discontent. How?

The treaty has increased American exports. The most recent figures, those of November 5, show a 35 percent increase. Supposed to be "mutually advantageous to the United States and to Cuba," it provides that "regardless of what rates Cuba may establish hereafter on products of third countries, American products entering Cuba will be accorded reductions from such rates, varying from 20 to 60 percent. In the same way, the U. S. will continue to grant certain percentages to Cuban products." Under the trade agreement and the earlier presidential proclamation the duty on Cuban sugar was reduced from 2.0 to 0.9 cents. This cut returned approximately 40 million dollars to the Cuban sugar industry, four-fifths of which is controlled by the National City Bank, the Chase National Bank and the American sugar trust. The theory was that increased income would percolate to the workers and hence minimize the deep dissatisfaction. In fact, wages were raised from 20 to 80 cents a day, partly as a result of the first reduction in the sugar tariff.

However, several facts indicate to whose advantage the treaty militates. The sugar workers when employed, work only four or five months a year and are unemployed the rest of the year. Eighty cents a day, when paid, is still not a living wage. Actually the workers are paid at the prevailing rate of sales during the first six months of the year when prices are low because of shipments to the U. S. from the Philippines and other areas, while the Cuban sugar owners profit by holding the sugar in their storehouses.

Upon examination, "it appeared that" these "exceptions" meant millions of dollars to the Curtiss-Wright Export Corporation of N. Y. (airplanes), the American Armaments Corporation and the Elevator Supplies Company of Hoboken, N. J. (mortars, ammunition, aerial bombs, hand grenades), the Remington Arms Co. of Bridgeport, Conn. (cartridges), the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co. of Hartford, Conn. (Colt official police revolvers, feed belts, water boxes, loading machines, ammunition boxes, steam-condensing devices, oil cans, pieces of asbestos packing), and the United Aircraft Exports, Inc. of N. Y. (spare parts, engines and accessories).

Paraguay, the only country in South America which doesn't hold loans from American capitalists, notified the State Department that it had been fully taken care of before the date of the President's proclamation. Nevertheless, for the benefit of British imperialism, the State Department concluded:

> The final and definitive decision thus reached by this Government, which will prevent all further shipments of arms and munitions of war to Bolivia or to Paraguay, has today been communicated to the Secretary of the League of Nations at Geneva in view of intimations received from those two sources that they would welcome information as to the action taken by the Government of the United States in this regard.

Salut!

In Haiti, as in Harvey Firestone's Liberia, United States finance capital, supported by the native bourgeoisie, enforces ruthless exploitation of the Negro. The oratory incident to the supposed altruistic withdrawal of the marines failed to conceal an important fact. The National City Bank and other exploiters of the Haitian people left a native gendarmerie, the Garde d'Haiti, trained by American officers, to protect the stranglehold of the United States on customs and revenues. These are the security for repayment of a loan forced on Haiti in 1922. There is also an agreement, not yet ratified, between the National City Bank and the Haitian Congress, that the National Bank of Haiti (owned by the National City Bank) shall be resold to Haiti and shall collect customs and revenues. It provides that until the loan is paid off a majority of directors of the bank shall be Americans. If this agreement is adopted, the U. S. Government will liquidate its treaty and will clear out of Haiti. That is, the United States will say, "Our hands are clean, we're out of Haiti." But the United States Navy stands behind the National City Bank, and three out of the five directors of the new Haiti bank will be Americans until the loan is liquidated sometime in 1940!

But the United States is further interested in Haiti, because of its strategic military position. It will be recalled that the United States went into Haiti in 1914 for military as well as economic reasons. At that time either France or Germany seemed likely to establish a naval base there. The World

Who's Fighting Whom in the Chaco

THE Chaco war is nominally between Bolivia and Paraguay. It is basically between United States imperialism (Standard Oil Company of N. J. et al.) and British imperialism (British interests and British-dominated Argentinian interests in Paraguay). The State Department, in connection with this war, interprets the Congressional Act of May 28, 1934, (which prohibits shipment of arms and munitions of war to both South American nations) to mean that shipments of "unfulfilled contracts," are permitted. On July 27, 1934, the State Department announced that the Bolivian Minister had addressed a note to the Secretary of State "requesting that he examine the unfulfilled contracts for arms and munitions of war which the Bolivian Government had entered into with American companies prior to May 28, 1934 . . ." The Minister furnished the Department "complete information concerning these contracts, including affidavits in regard to the terms of the contracts . . .," etc.

The information continues:

> After careful consideration of the request of the Bolivian Minister, in the light of the facts obtained from all sources, the Secretary of State has decided that, on grounds of equity and fair dealing with the Bolivian Government, exceptions from the prohibitions of the resolution of Congress should be made with respect to certain contracts between it and American companies which had been entered into in good faith prior to May 28.

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Drawings by *Esther Kriger*

War broke out. German and French Governments were too busy fighting for bigger imperialist provinces to pursue the Haitian opportunity. The United States, under a professedly pacifist President, in 1915 acted to forestall the recurrence of this opportunity.

In Nicaragua and Santo Domingo the native constabulary is also counted on to guard American interests. Colonel Trujillo of the Santo Dominican constabulary was left in charge of the country by the United States Army. He thumbed his nose at the State Department by maintaining a tobacco monopoly and not making payments on the debt. He will be allowed to do so until he becomes a menace to U. S. domination of the country. The State Department does wish to maintain the semblance of quiet in Latin America.

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The Hull-Hirota N

HEAVY cannon adorn the State, War and Navy Building in Washington. They point, figuratively, toward the East, and the anchors mounted nearby are beginning to rattle.

The focal point of American foreign policy is the Far East, where its freedom of movement is threatened by Japan. Japan's world exports in 1933 increased 32 percent over 1932 and 62.33 percent over 1931. She is determined to dominate the China market. This determination is reflected by the large Japanese consumption of scrap iron and steel from the United States—for war purposes. The Department of Commerce declared last September that Japan was "the first ranking market for scrap during the month."

The Hull-Hirota notes were published March 21, 1934. They revealed the brusque rejection by the U. S. of Japan's offer to join in a two-government pact in the Far East. This step would have strengthened Japanese imperialism. In addition to emphasizing the tension between two of the three strongest competing Powers in the Orient, they illustrated the inability of rival capitalist economies to reconcile their differences by agreeing upon a *modus vivendi* for the division of the spoils. This was the reason for the failure of the World Economic Conference to halt the currency war and of the so-called Disarmament Conference. When imperialists are cornered by the reality of the crisis, "Economic" and "Disarmament" pow-wows can serve no longer even as demagogic screens for backdoor deals. The game is up.

A serious reading of the Hull-Hirota exchange shows that the newspaper stories reflecting their "amity" were based upon their tinsel diplomatic wrappings.

Koki Hirota, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Japan, wrote to Hull:

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. The United States had pledged support to the Central American treaty of 1923 under which the five central American republics undertook not to recognize any government which should come into power by revolution or coup d'etat. The United States hoped that this policy would discourage revolution and promote imperialist stability. In 1932 Martinez seized power. The United States refused to recognize Martinez on the ground that he had violated the 1923 treaty. But when Martinez proved himself a ruthless enemy of the working-class by slaughtering about 10,000 revolutionary workers of the February 1933 uprising the United States accepted him as a friend of American business interests. Thus, the United States government recognized Martinez, and so did the governments of the other Central American countries.

otes: A Second Reading

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tions." In other words—we have no intention, Koki, old boy, of hurting our bankers, business men and industrialists by pulling your pirate crew's chestnuts out of the Chinese fire. You have forgotten the Nine Power Treaty, but we haven't. Otherwise, we love you.

The Roosevelt Administration's Vinson Bill gives the President blanket authority to build, above and beyond the program already under way, about 102 warships and 1184 war planes. It authorizes in general terms the replacement of all over-age warships (20 years old and over) under the terms of the Washington and London naval treaties. In the face of this bill, some commentators still wonder whether United States capitalism is considering clearing out of the Far East. Well, there was a time when such a suggestion might have been heard from a minority in the State Department—but that day has gone. The thing was threshed out some time ago, and the "withdraw-from-the-Orient" talk specifically dropped. Those who refused to understand the meaning of the guns rising under their very chins now fully understand in what direction they point and for what markets.

Word has already gone out that the appropriations for war preparations to be recommended to the new Congress will top the unprecedented peacetime sums voted and given through Public Works funds by the last Congress for this purpose. On the day following a recent conference between President Roosevelt and Chairman Buchanan of the House Appropriations Committee on the forthcoming budget, the papers announced that "indications" favored the army and navy. The N. Y. Times stated, Nov. 9:

> The War and Navy Departments, it was said in informed circles, will obtain greatly increased appropriations for the new fiscal year. . . . Even Mr. Buchanan admitted that the Army's equipment and ordnance was in "run-down" condition. It is also proposed to expand the Air Corps' equipment and increase flight personnel. Naval

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> plans for the next fiscal year propose enlarged enlistments. . . . Complete details of the army and navy plans, not yet announced, are before the Acting Director of the Budget for approval. Mr. Roosevelt was represented as being sympathetic toward both. For all other regular establishments, appropriations are expected to be smaller than this year's. . . .

The Navy Department shuttles its warships in surprise movements back and forth across the vitally strategic Panama Canal. While the Department of Commerce stops the sale of old Shipping Board vessels to make it difficult for Japan to store scrap iron which it uses for the manufacture of ammunition, the Navy Department prepares a 1935 program which calls for the concentration of warship and airplane forces in Alaskan waters. Simultaneously, propaganda efforts are made to "sell" the unwary worker the lie that he has an interest to be protected by fighting for "big business" in the looming imperialist war. Rear Admiral Joseph K. Taussig stated over the radio on Navy Day:

> American business on the ocean is truly big business. Every day and every night millions of dollars worth of our products . . . find their way over salt water. . . . Your Navy is an essential link in the chain of your country's economic life. . . . The security of our overseas possessions is mainly a question of naval protection. . . . We need a Treaty Navy and we should have a Treaty Navy. . . .

Stanley Hornbeck, Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs of the State Department, spoke on "Principles of American Policy in Relation to the Far East," before the Ninth Conference on the Cause and Cure of War on January 18, 1934. In the euphemistic manner of State Department experts who must clothe warnings in verbal muffling, Mr. Hornbeck said: "In regard to the Far East, the American people have viewed with disapproval tendencies—where manifested—toward imperialistic angling in troubled waters. . . ." Substitute American finance capital for Mr. Hornbeck's "American people" and insert the word, rival, before "imperialistic," and you will get the idea.

Since all United States battleships are either over-age or nearly so, the authority to rebuild given by the Vinson Bill means that an entirely new fleet of battleships at a minimum cost of $45,000,000 each will be part of the Treaty Navy. The naval disarmament conversations between the United States and England in London a few months ago virtually announced the war race. From all indications, it will begin right after next year's scheduled naval conference goes to pieces or rather blows up—if it is held at all.

Norman H. Davis first went to London to get the British to form a temporary imperialist Anglo-American united front against Japan. The purpose was to browbeat Japan out of her demands for naval equality. However, the antagonisms between American and British imperialism proved too strong, even for a temporary robbers' pact. The British, playing the usual game of maneuvering between opponents, actually flirted with an Anglo-Japanese common front against the United States!

At the present time, Davis and Admiral William H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations, are again in London for further talks, this time with both of the United States Government's chief naval rivals—Japan and England. Whatever the outcome, it is apparent that *there can be no reconciliation of the conflicting naval claims.* For this quarrel is merely the reflection of the underlying imperialist conflict. That the war menace underlying this conflict can scarcely be exaggerated becomes clear when it is remembered that Japan has taken steps to force foreign Powers to present its battleships and merchant marine with six months' supply of oil if they wish to continue doing business in Japan. Japan certainly will not budge from her determination to hold on to what she has and to expand her domination of the Far East where she strives for a navy "second to none." The United States will never agree to this since it would mean the eventual crowding-out by Japanese imperialists of their American competitors in the Orient. United States imperialism has no intention of allowing Japan to repeat its oil distribution monopoly in Manchukuo in other parts of China. Through diplomatic "representations" to Tokio, it has begun the attempt to prevent the "Open Door" from closing.

Out of the welter of officially inspired newspaper stories about the most recent London naval conversations certain facts remain:

The United States did not succeed in effecting a united front with England because British imperialism prefers to gain by the United States-Japanese animosity by joining with neither until absolutely necessary. The Japanese probably will denounce the Washington and London naval treaties, which expire in two years. In this event, a formula will be agreed upon for postponing next year's scheduled naval conference. The United States will resume the fortification of Guam, Yap and the Philippines, which was interrupted by the Washington Treaty. Whether or not Japan denounces the Treaties, the United States, in the probable absence of a pro rata limitation, will build up to treaty strength. The naval chiefs in Washington have taken no pains to conceal the fact that if the Japanese embark upon a naval building race, orders will go out to build two American battleships to every one of Japan's.

Card-Indexed for War

THE Roosevelt Administration has expressed the kernel of its foreign policy by gearing its economy to a war preparations basis.

To say that American economy is card-indexed for war is not to use a figure of speech. The War Department, acting under the National Defense Act, has contacted, visited, inspected, approved and noted as ready to begin war production literally at a moment's notice, about 12,000 factories. With all this goes the steadily progressing integration of the New Deal set-up with the industrial mobilization apparatus, known as the Military Procurement Division of the War Department—a coordination evident in the selection of professional militarists and military-minded industrialists to effect the gradual functional coalescence of the National Recovery Administration and the War Department. Both militarists and industrialists have made it clear that war preparations are the steel backbone of the N.R.A. and that industry is closer than ever, since 1918, to the war machine. The unprecedented peacetime spending of billions for motorization, ammunition and machinery, submarines, warships, bombing planes, cruisers, chemical mortars and gases, and the rest of the imperialist war arsenal have become a New Deal commonplace.

The allotment of "Public Works" funds to military purposes to supplement the unprecedented regular appropriations is a mere introduction to the war preparations now being blue-printed. Some of these plans are in shape already as legislative proposals. There is, for example, the acknowledged war bill, S. 3182, favorably reported by the Committee on Mines and Mining, which would set aside a fund of $200,000,000 "to provide for the purchase of the surplus copper heretofore mined and processed in the United States . . . for the use of the United States in constructing military and naval equipment. . . ." Hundreds of other war preparations bills were brought before the House Military Affairs Committee by its Chairman. One of the most striking would establish a separate airplane flotilla of 2,000 planes, with 400 additional army officers and 6,200 men, at a cost of about $80,000,000.

Meanwhile the smoke of peace demagogy beclouds the field of war preparations. In a circular telegram to the heads of all countries, President Roosevelt on May 16, 1933, expressed the hope that "practical measures of disarmament" might progress so that "all of us may carry to victory our common struggle against economic chaos." Some time later, in his oft-quoted Woodrow Wilson Foundation Speech, he explained his conception of "practical" disarmament. Reiterating the theme of the various schemes advanced from the last year of the Hoover regime to the first year of the "New Deal," Mr. Roosevelt urged the destruction of "offensive" weapons. "Let every nation agree to eliminate over a short period of years and by progressive steps, every weapon of offense in its possession, and to create no additional weapons of offense," pleaded the President who is now busily engaged in forging—avowedly—"a Navy second to none."

The imperialist Tweedledee is always prepared to proceed with the disarmament of

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the imperialist Tweedledum. The British, who can match any plan for disarmament—of others—have Singapore as an Asiatic base, the terminal of a string of naval harbors which extend through Gibraltar, Malta, Aden and Colombo. Thus British imperialism, unlike the United States, which has no important Far Eastern naval bases, doesn't need the 35,000-ton battleship to carry the fuel necessary for long haul operations which would confront the American Navy in a war in the Pacific. Shouting for twenty more cruisers, the British spokesmen call for the reduction of the American battleship to 25,000 tons—to make all warships "defensive," of course. At the same time, as the New York Times correspondent reported on October 26, 1934, "The British were particularly disturbed today to hear submarines called defensive weapons, for in the light of their own wartime experience they regard submarines as the most dangerous of all offensive armaments." The Japanese, however, are prepared to prove at the drop of the hat that their submarines are "defensive." What they can't understand is why American aircraft carriers aren't "offensive." It boils down to Salvador de Madariaga's quip that an "offensive" weapon is one carrying the other country's flag.

President Roosevelt himself showed how thin is the pacifist cloak under which he launches gigantic war measures. Pooh-poohing the war talk aroused by the passage of the Vinson Bill, he pointed out that this measure didn't appropriate one penny, but merely authorized him to go ahead and build the battleships, aircraft carriers, submarines, cruisers and destroyers permitted under the Washington and London naval treaties. True—the Vinson bill is only an authorization. But three weeks after his "authorization" statement, the President gave the word to go full speed ahead with the first destroyer-submarine building provided by the bill. The $40,000,000 for this came out of the P.W.A.

This double dealing recalls that the whole 1917 mobilization was carried out under a pacifist Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, and a pacifist President, Woodrow Wilson. How quickly the tune, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," gave way to, "America, here's my boy for you!"

America's rulers are waging an intensive unbounded struggle for markets while they prepare their factories and laboratories and propagandize their workers for imperialist war.

The fight against war by the workers and exploited classes in all imperialist countries is fundamentally the same: organize against war by supporting the militant anti-war program of the revolutionary movement—then, if efforts to stop war fail, turn imperialist war into civil war, under the slogan of Soviet power to the masses. That is the road of October, the road that led to the establishment of the Soviet Union, the only Power with a real peace policy. It is the road of Lenin. All others lead to defeat.

How Insull Beat the Rap

CARL HAESSLER

CHICAGO.

THE Insull gang is still in power in Chicago, as it has been ever since Sam, its undisputed chief, skipped the country in mid-June, 1932, to be brought back most unwillingly for the trial that ended in acquittal Nov. 24, of this year. The acquittal of old Sam, of his son and the 15 yesmen indicted with the ruling family merely emphasizes the permanent reality of the gang's rule over the city.

The jury apparently believed, and with every justification, the main contention of the defense that all American business is conducted the Insull way. If Sam's a crook, so's your old man, seemed to be the jury attitude.

This view of the case was unconsciously reinforced by Harold L. Stuart, chief of Halsey, Stuart & Co., the firm that did the enormous financing for the Insull utility pyramids. Stuart is vividly sketched as a financial high-binder in Upton Sinclair's *Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox,* an expose of high-power financial banditry in the movie domain. Stuart greeted his acquittal with:

"This verdict reaffirms my faith in American institutions."

Insull got in on the ground floor of the electric utility business and by consistently following out his policy of risking other people's money he regularly scrapped old equipment and got the advantage of the latest generators and transmission devices. Succeeding in electricity, he took over broken down gas companies just when chemists were making coal-gas byproducts a gold mine. Selling juice to elevated and interurban lines he had the whip-hand over the stockholders when the inevitable reorganizations came. The above are the economic factors in the expansion of his empire.

With these were woven other strands. One of the most important was political. Old Sam regularly contributed to candidates for office, usually a great deal to the Republican candidates, since Illinois and Indiana were dominantly Republican, but also to the Democratic candidates in lesser amounts, because once in a while the Democrats got in.

Thus in the 1926 election for U.S. Senator in Illinois Sam gave over $125,000 to Frank L. Smith, Republican, and about a tenth as much to Martin Brennan, Democrat. Both donations were in cash, not checks. Smith won, but the Senate kicked him out for electoral corruption. But it was a good investment for Sam, just the same. Smith was chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission which fixed the rates on Sam's electricity and gas and had the right to order or to refuse extensions, competitive lines, etc. Big Bill Thompson, for many years mayor of Chicago, was popularly regarded as an Insull man. An Insull lawyer, James H. Wilkerson, ascended the federal bench and curiously enough was the jurist before whom the Insull case was tried this year. Another Insull lawyer, Sam Ettelson, became Mayor Thompson's corporation counsel, and curiously enough is the leader in the partly successful fight on the receivership rackets that clustered round the Insull company carcasses.

And another of the strands was journalistic. The Chicago Tribune's principal city hall reporter, Oscar Hewitt, was found to be on one of Insull's famous preferred lists, to whom Insull securities were sold at prices considerably below those at which the public could buy. Thinking that the reporter of a rival paper was hinted at in the public gossip, the Tribune righteously demanded that whatever paper harbored such a varlet should fire him instanter. When it was found that the Tribune's own nest had been fouled, it fired Hewitt into a better-paying job as Commissioner of Public Works, a job he holds to this day. Insull was financially interested in the late Chicago Evening Post. All his operating companies advertised heavily in local papers.

Other strands were the schools and churches and women's clubs. This cost money, but Insull didn't worry. As a Colorado utility magnate said in a letter mentioned in the Federal Trade Commission's current revelations of utility corruption of public opinion, "the public pays."

Harvard University regularly got $20,000 from the utilities. Princeton got a $50,000 donation. Northwestern University, right in Sam's backyard, got $62,500 in three years. Dean Ralph E. Heilman of its school of commerce delivered many addresses under utility auspices and was suggested as a proper person to cooperate with the schoolbook publishers, Ginn & Co., on text revisions favorable to the utility side. The two highest churchmen in the Chicago area, Cardinal Mundelein of the Roman Catholic church and Bishop George Craig Stewart of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, were pressed into service in the Insull trial as character witnesses.

Then there was the philanthropic nerve. Young Sam, on the stand, testified that the exorbitant salaries paid to his father and other utility executives were padded so that they could make liberal contributions to the conventional charities. Again the public paid, but Sam and his companies got the credit. And again, Joel Hunter, superintendent of the United Charities, gladly and sincerely appeared as a character witness. Young Sam's advertising of his father's philanthropies was deflated on cross-examination, when the prosecution brought out that the big donations had been in utility holding company stocks, which had begun to wobble.

Nor did old Sam neglect art. He was boss of Chicago Civic Opera, which went up the spout with him, but which he ran as tyranni-

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cally as he did his utilities while he held the reins. That the quality of the opera was inferior made little difference. Sam was in the spotlight as an art patron.

Hand in hand with his subsidies to his friends and useful persons, Insull carried on ruthless war against those he could not control. He was particularly vindictive against Donald Richberg, now a Roosevelt reactionary in the N.R.A., but then a crusading liberal. Richberg was attacking some particularly excessive Insull rate structures. Sam had him shadowed night and day. Richberg since has told how Sam tried to compromise him. The newspapers under Insull inspiration held up the crusader as a very devil. As Rob Roy McGregor, assistant director of Insull's Illinois publicity outfit, wrote in a memo on how to combat public ownership advocates:

> My idea would be not to try logic or reason but to try to pin the Bolshevik idea on my opponents.

Insull abhorred low profits. Six percent was a despicable figure. When Mary McDowell, a veteran social worker who became welfare commissioner in Mayor Dever's reform cabinet, urged Sam to invest money in her housing scheme, promising him 6 percent return, Sam, then in his heyday of juggling with hundreds of millions of easy money, replied:

> Six percent, Miss McDowell, six percent! Why that is a charitable donation. If my money earned only six percent I would consider myself a philanthropist.

He found that security manipulating through the holding companies within holding companies that Chicago's slickest corporation lawyers devised for him was a veritable money mill. The mill ground millions out of the public who took stock certificates in return. Not only did they take paper for their invested money; they also took paper for their dividends, and when they began to hesitate Sam rigged the stock market so that people could sell for $100 on the stock exchange the Insull certificates that they had bought a minute before for $75 from his salesmen. This sort of thing went on through two years of the depression, but at last the suckers either had no more money or Sam was too deeply involved with the Chicago and New York bankers and everything crashed.

An obliging federal judge made Sam co-receiver in the busted Insull companies, but when a banker-lawyer found that Sam had done crooked work—had stolen company assets, to be blunt—he bundled Sam into a taxi and forced him to resign all his receiverships as well as all his other positions. That was June 7, 1932. Sam immediately ducked secretly to Canada. So did his brother Martin. But Martin stayed there and was extradited. Sam, with better legal advice sent to him in code, got to Paris, Italy and Greece and successfully fought extradition half-heartedly brought by the Hoover administration.

The Roosevelt administration, faced with the necessity of cracking down on at least a couple of money changers after the inaugural's noble words, picked on the aged fugitive and forcibly got him back to Chicago, a prisoner in the county jail, early last May, awaiting making of $100,000 bail. The trial, on charges of conspiracy to use the mails to defraud, began Oct. 2 in Judge Wilkerson's federal district court.

The prosecution made an excellent technical case, using income tax statements, corporation records, seized correspondence and airtight accounting to prove that the seventeen defendants had obtained money by use of the mails for their Corporation Securities Co. under false pretenses. As United States District Attorney Dwight H. Green put it:

> They sent out circulars stating that Corporation Securities stock was the best buy on the market though the stock was worth nothing at the time. They promised 6 percent profit though there was no profit to pay the 6 percent.

Using Insull's income tax returns, the government showed that Sam was claiming deductions for losses on his companies while the company statements were all to the rosy. Sam's alibi was, "I never looked at the income tax statement; I just signed it."

Caught in many other traps on the stand, old Sam repeated over and over again, "I don't know," or "I don't remember."

But while technically perfect, the prosecution was undeniably outclassed psychologically by the defense, which used every conceivable means of building up its case through every avenue open to it.

Newspaper estimates of the money spent by the defense run above $150,000, to which Henry Ford, according to legal gossip, contributed a sizeable sum. The theory of the alleged Ford contribution is that Henry was in jeopardy of prosecution because of things his banks did in Detroit, that he considered Sam a victim of the same bankers that had tried to get him, and that the prosecution was political on the part of the Roosevelt administration. The prosecution is estimated to have spent $100,000.

The defense used gilt-edged counsel headed by Floyd E. Thompson, former Illinois chief justice, a vigorous, brainy, personable man, excellent with a jury. Thompson is so good as a ham actor that he actually squeezed out real tears at the close of his plea to the jury. The high point of his tearful climax was a plea to "send this old man, Insull, back to his home and send his son back to a motherless boy."

Young Sam had ostentatiously worn a wide mourning armband throughout the trial, though his wife had died almost a year ago.

Tears flowed from defense eyes whenever defense witnesses or counsel succeeded in cooking up a pathetic situation, such as the enormous paper profits the defendants had lost in their Insull speculations.

The jurors, none of whom had lost a cent in the Insull crash and none of whom had ever hoped to own as much as the smallest potato among the defendants testified he had lost, listened sympathetically to the oft-repeated tale of their betters who had fallen, through no fault of their own, upon evil days. Against these tactics the prosecution had only a few unprepossessing witnesses who had lost small sums.

The defense put on a most impressive list of character witnesses. Not so impressive when you examined them more closely, but this the jurors didn't do. And the government completely botched the rebuttal.

One character witness was Hell 'n Maria Dawes. The cops were just closing Charlie's bank for which he had got a $90,000,000 dole from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the good old Hoover days, but Dawes was groomed by the defense not as a panhandler at the door of the federal treasury, not as a busted banker, not as a man whose bank had had to pay a round sum because of a fraudulent transaction with Boss Billy Lorimer's bank, which had busted many years before his own went to smash, but as a brigadier general in the world war (Dawes actually was chief storekeeper for the army over there), as a vice president of the United States, as ambassador to the Court of St. James. That also was impressive.

So was President Robert Maynard Hutchins of the Rockefeller-endowed University of Chicago impressive as a defense character witness. So was Bishop Stewart, in whose charity funds young Sam had made what proved in time of need some very profitable investments. So was Joel Hunter, who has said and believes that young Sam favors public ownership of utilities. So were assorted lawyers, bankers, business men, foreign consuls and what not. The government did not know how to handle this imposing parade.

Another successful move of the defense was to befuddle the understanding of the jurors by highly technical disputes about accounting terms. Intrinsic value, book value, liquidating value, market value, etc., were popped in and out of the examination until no one was sure what was what in any scale of values. Various methods of accounting were dissected, then bolstered up by technical witnesses and by citations from manuals to the point of extreme bewilderment. Reputable accountants who would not for a minute use the methods employed by the Insull accounting firms were nevertheless at defense counsel's elbows, prompting them along the lines they knew the government would use in dealing with the accounting. The more technical the examination the more the defense scored with the jury.

Undoubtedly the biggest asset for the defense was old Sam himself. By nature a snarling ugly old cuss, he was pictured to the jury and before that to the public and the reporters as a smiling friendly old man who had done nothing wrong and wished the whole world well. He religiously took the bus from court to hotel every evening, scorning a taxi. The idea was that he was living on the charity of his friends and could not afford a taxi. (His armored car had been sold two years ago to Steve Sumner, czar of the fortified milk wagon drivers union.) He posed affably for

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the camera men. During his imperial rule he never did that. He talked as agreeably as he could with the reporters, who had never been able to get near him before. He even smiled. The jury was impressed.

On the witness stand Sam was a knockout and had the other defendants and many spectators weeping as they thought pitifully, "How are the mighty fallen."

Here again the prosecution was unable to make headway. Or perhaps it did not want to, being, as some think, not too eager for a conviction.

The jury saw the old man, white haired and bowed, mercilessly badgered by the prosecution while public sympathy, as expressed by the ritzy relatives and friends of the defense in the front rows of the spectators' benches, was entirely with Sam. Poor Sam had lost his entire fortune. Poor Sam had done nothing more than every other business man would have done and did do. Poor Sam nobly took all the responsibility, exonerating the yesmen indicted with him. Poor Sam was impeccably honest in every step—he said so, repeatedly, himself, and with great vehemence. And poor Sam would do it all over again if he were in the same position. So Sam won with the jury.

A super-publicity firm, which had previously put over Gene Tunney the prizefighter as a Shakespeare scholar, made the buildup.

Young Sam was good too. A widower, still obviously mourning, a youngster who stood by dear old dad, modest, friendly, jealous of his good name, he scored heavily. Old Sam had painted young Sam as a marvel in the utilities game. Young Sam painted himself as unable to get very far in engineering study, as not a financial expert either but rather—so it appeared from his testimony—as a high priced fixed within the utilities system.

Excellent, moreover, was the spectators' bench. Harold Stuart's maiden sister voiced the function of those zealously occupied front benches when she said:

"All we can do is sit here like aristocrats and listen and pray."

The Insull gang had not really been in fear of conviction or at any rate of prison. Unlike Sam's former co-ruler of Chicago, Al Capone, who is doing 11 years (curiously enough sentenced by Judge Wilkerson as a promotion bid to the circuit bench that was queered by Donald Richberg before a Senate committee) for income tax frauds, the Insull gang did business with the Chicago bankers openly and not furtively. The Insull gang is the best there is in Chicago society. It patronizes the best churches. It speaks good English. Its women are not flashy. Its kids are not ashamed of their fathers. And it is still in the saddle.

As proof of this one need not cite the fact that old Sam was appointed receiver of the corporations he had wrecked or that A-1 character witnesses were mobilized for the defense. One need recall simply that young Sam is still an inside key man in all the Insull operating concerns, that three Insull boards voted old Sam a combined pension of $18,000 after he had skipped abroad as a hideout from justice, and that the gang remained in control and to this day runs the Insull utilities.

They need not have feared conviction because Marshall Sampsell, the first of them to go on trial, for stealing from the Insull company which he headed, was acquitted in state court on the plea that he had done it to save the stockholders in the Insull empire. That case, too, was flagrantly mismanaged by the prosecution while the defense made the most of everything. The successful defense counsel in that case was of counsel in the big Insull federal case just concluded.

Even had they been convicted they need not have feared. For the two sole Chicago cases of conviction as a result of depression frauds that so far have come to the state supreme court were reversed. Ernest Stevens, convicted of wrecking his insurance company, was freed by the highest court on the ground that what he did might merely have been bad business judgment. John Bain, wrecker of his chain of twelve Chicago banks, was convicted but freed on a technicality.

As Clarence Darrow has said, "No rich man is ever hanged."

Insull, Stuart and the rest have had their faith in "American institutions" reaffirmed. A few annoying little indictments remain. We predict that the outcome will not undermine this Insull-Stuart faith.

Correspondence

The Bewildered Merchant

To The New Masses:

Your editorial in the December 4 issue dealing with the middle class of America is a splendidly expressed appeal to those somewhat neglected allies of ours. For simplicity of style and cogency of argument it represents a movement in the right direction.

However, it contains one dangerous mistake. You remark that the small merchant is a capitalist at heart. Apparently through carelessness you have utilized this stereotype developed by the ruling class forgetting that it has served to make the lower middle class elements less receptive to the message of Communism. Certainly, the small merchant is no more a "capitalist at heart" than is the Negro "naturally indolent and undisciplined." As a matter of fact a vast number of these small traders prefer to think of themselves as "Socialists" at heart. It is our task to strip these stereotypes bare, and expose them as specious arguments for the maintenance of the status quo.

We should attempt to convince the bewildered trader of the necessity for creating a Communist mind and nurture it by Communist action. Of course, the small merchant exploited labor pitilessly. But not because the natural capitalist mind impelled him to. They took the only road to security and wealth that was convenient and available. Probably, they knew of no other system of economy. We have a new road for them to explore. Let us point the way without smugly remarking that their minds and hearts are poisoned. Certainly let us refrain from alienating them from us because of loose language. Fascist demagogues will be quick to seek their allegiance with the flattery that in them resides all the talents and gifts of nature.

Let us be loyal to facts in talking to them, and we will find them loyal to us.

Stanley Randall.

Call to Commercial Artists

To The New Masses:

Aware of the problems of the commercial artists, the Artists' Union has formed a section of commercial artists, which is proceeding to organize all sections of commercial art. The commercial artists section of the Artists' Union issues a call to all commercial artists, employed, unemployed, free lance, students, to come to a broad conference where we shall all discuss our common problems and take organizational steps to immediately better our conditions.

It is the only rank and file association of artists in the U.S.A. which is participating in a most determined effort to win economic security for all artists of every craft. with no distinction as to race, color, creed, religion, sex, or political belief.

All commercial artists are urged to attend this General Conference, December 7, at 8:30 p. m.

Joe Muldavin,
The Artists Union.

"A Southerner's Prejudices"

To The New Masses:

In your Nov. 20 issue, Lawrence Gellert quotes from a letter which I received two weeks ago from John Avery Lomax, who, with his son Allan, authored *American Ballads and Folk Songs*. May I take issue in your columns with the interpretation your correspondent makes of this letter?

Fisrt, let me qualify the Lomaxes for the task they set out to accomplish. The father is nationally recognized as the most painstaking, conscientious literary collector of folksongs in all America. True, he is a southerner with all of a southerner's prejudices, but also with a southerner's peculiar sympathies toward Negro culture when the prejudices are left unaroused—something you will not find up north. The son, Allan, was arrested a couple of years ago for making Communist speeches while attending Harvard. His own attitude toward the Negro is all anyone could wish. After Leadbelly had sung for Mr. Lomax, the latter took his record to the Governor of Louisiana and got a pardon for him, and then employed him as his chauffeur. (Why didn't Lawrence Gellert quote that part of the letter?)

No, friend Gellert, you lose 100% on your wager that Lomax collected his songs by bribery and collusion with thugs or guards. If you will read the introduction to his book you will get a very different picture.

Leadbelly, the Scottsboro boys and Angelo Herndon have nothing in common except their race. Leadbelly was serving time for cold-blooded murder. Herndon, Patterson and the rest are no more guilty of the charges that hold them in prison or out on bail than I am. May I suggest that we get together and make a rebel out of Leadbelly? How would it be to get him to use his voice in meetings for the Scottsboro boys? Anyway, Lawrence Gellert and Jim Harris and Theodore Upshure and

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Patterson of the I. L. D. and Dr. DuBois and all the Negroes I can accommodate are invited to come to Castleney, the ex-slave market in which I live, and break bread with Leadbelly when he comes north for the first time in his life next January.

LEW NEY.

Lawrence Gellert's Reply

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Getting "our niggers" out of difficulties with the Law when we need them to work or to entertain our crowd is a time honored custom with the Southern landlords. Along with Jim Crowism, the whole vicious system of sharecropping, lynching and the oppression of the millions in the Black Belt, the practice is rooted in the feudal traditions that still dominate the Gentlemen's South.

True Mr. Lomax was spared the customary sordid details. Haggling over price, etc., with Sheriff and other small fry. He had the "right" connections. Could go straight to the Governor of Louisiana with a phonograph record by Leadbelly—and presto—a pardon! Between gentlemen—a "nigger's" life-time—a matter of a song! But imagine Ben Davis, Jr., editor of the Negro Liberator going to Governor Talmadge of Georgia with one sung by Angelo Herndon and getting a pardon for him! Or ditto Governor Miller of Alabama with a record sung by nine Scottsboro boys in chorus!

Why didn't Mr. Lomax intercede for Herndon and the Scottsboro boys, who Mr. Ney is convinced, "are no more guilty . . . than I am," rather than for Leadbelly, "a cold-blooded murderer?" For the same reason Mr. Lomax failed to get to the heart of contemporary Negro folk lore. He embodies the slave-master attitude intact. In the Herndon and Scottsboro cases issues were raised that "good niggers" are expected to keep quiet about. They involve the sacred codes and traditions by which the parasitic landlords maintain their system of oppression and exploitation. Leadbelly on the other hand killed only another "nigger"—the fact he's still above ground is ample proof he killed no white man. And while the privilege to kill "niggers" is by tradition and law "reserved for whites only," still Leadbelly is a "good nigger"—that is, with the requisite attitude toward "biggity white folks"—and pardoned for a song—testimonial to the 'Southerner's peculiar sympathies toward Negro culture *when the prejudices are left unaroused!*" (Italics mine.)

But supposing Leadbelly had sung for Mr. Lomax a song I've heard repeatedly from the lips of other Negro workers:

You take mah labor
An' steal mah time
Give me ol' dish pan
An' a lousy dime
Cause ahm a nigger dat's why

Grow yo' cawn
Has nothin' to eat
Buil' big houses
Go sleep in de street
Cause ahm a nigger dat's why

Well worm git turnin'
Cat hug a lion
Mah Hell git risin'
Care nothin' 'bout dyin'
Cause ahm a nigger dat's why

Ah feels it comin' Bossman
Gwine see you in Goddamn
Git me pick an' shovel
Bury you in Debil's lan
Cause ahm a nigger dat's why

Would Mr. Lomax' "peculiar sympathies toward Negro culture when the prejudices are left unaroused" have prompted him to take a record of the song to the Governor for a pardon? And would the Governor have granted the pardon then?

Mr. Ney takes exception to my inference that Mr. Lomax collected his songs by bribery and collusion with thugs and guards. How can one familiar with conditions down there conclude otherwise? On Southern chain gang and jail—where Mr. Lomax got many of his songs, officials are perverts, sadists and murderers, with a hatred and ill-will towards their charges unequalled anywhere outside of Fascist Germany. If a gentleman obtains permission from a guard to hear any particular convict sing (and is it not a gentleman's habit to tip flunkeys?) is Mr. Ney naive enough to suppose the Negro feels perfectly free and safe to refuse to oblige the gentleman?

Finally Mr. Ney would console us with the thought that anyway the Negro is no worse off in the South than in New York. Mr. DuBois and the other gentlemen of the NAACP might care to quibble over that point with Mr. Ney. We're convinced—like the Negro boy asked which State in the Union was best for Negroes, that "dey ain' none ob 'em." And look for the complete liberation of all the Negro masses only under a Soviet America.

LAWRENCE GELLERT.

Letters in Brief

The one voice of dissatisfaction with Kenneth Patchen's *Joe Hill Listens to the Praying* that we received comes from Margery Atkinson who believes that "Patchen should be given a few pointers." On the other hand, a virtual flood of letters has poured in, abounding in adjectives like "excellent," "inspiring," "extraordinary," "clear-cut," "finished" and "striking." Besides individual communications, the poetry club of Needham, Mass., has written a collective letter of appreciation. Meanwhile Random House has accepted Patchen's first book of poems, for publication next year.

Philip Blechman of Coatesville, Pa.: "As a result of Spivak's timely article and despite the fact that she was being played up in the advertisements as an 'Abyssinian princess', our local Y.M.C.A. has cancelled the speaking date of Miss Viola Ilma."

Irene Dall of Cleveland wrote to the National Municipal League of which she had been a supporter, protesting Viola's scheduled appearance at that organization's annual convention but Howard Jones, secretary, promised "there will be no mention whatever of Fascism on Miss Ilma's part."

The International Association of Projectionists and Sound Engineers has offered to place THE NEW MASSES on file free of charge in the Public Library of Providence, R. I., but received a refusal from Clarence E. Sherman, the librarian, who writes that he has been "obliged to adopt restrictive measures. Beginning with this date, in general, no free subscriptions will be accepted unless the periodical is of quality comparable to those to which the Library subscribes, of more than limited interest, and of real value for reading and reference purposes. Periodicals that are obviously propaganda, bitterly controversial, or sectarian in religious tone will not be accepted." Maurice Clark, general secretary of the union, adds that the library is "well supplied with religious publications and sectarian literature."

Elizabeth Lancaster from Manhasset, L. I.: "May I congratulate you on Mr. Schneider's comments on Gertrude Stein. Though she has, in her field, done good revolutionary work in dynamiting the conventional sentence structure, the content of her thought has always seemed to me reactionary in the extreme. I think Mr. Schneider did well to bring out this fact from a sea of words. He did especially well to penetrate the friendly and sensible front."

Dr. J. A. Rosenblatt of Baltimore sends on a quotation from the Journal of the American Medical Association, which ran a German note among its "Foreign Letters": "A change occurred, however, in 1933, for health conditions among the youth took a turn for the worse last year. Many different types of infectious diseases appeared in the districts controlled by school physicians—often in an unusual form. Of decisive significance, as Professor Keller points out, was the condition discovered in the children who entered school for the first time in February, 1934. . . . Many of these children gave evidence of very poor nutrition and a poor constitution. A normal set of teeth was rare and it was evident that they lacked adequate resistance toward disease."

THE PRESENT CRISIS IN ARCHITECTURE
(*A Symposium*)
Edwin Berry Burgum on *Functionalism in Architecture*
Simon Breines on *Architecture in the Soviet Union*
Eugene Schoen on *Architecture under Capitalism*
David Ramsey, *Chairman* *Admission:* 25c
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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Without Benefit of Literary Editors

IN THE last ten years of American publishing more has happened than in perhaps any previous decade in its history. Some of the gaudier houses of the boom era which set the pace in modern morals and modernist interior decoration are gone, and already there are some sentimental bemoanings of the vivacious days when contracts were sealed with kisses and cocktails. Freudianism, which served so well as the rationalization of an era of indulgence, has been swept out and with it the clutter of pseudo-anthropology, pseudo-psychology, pseudo-sociology, pseudo-biography and plain sex that filled the catalogs in the first half of this decade. Looking over the publishers' lists today we see, under the non-fiction heads, a sober, not to say glum, preoccupation with economic realities, the gloom lifting only on the Marxist sector where the outlook upon reality includes a view beyond the immediate prospect of despair.

To this compelled realism important contributions have been made by a publishing house obscurely founded ten years ago and dedicated to what to the literary young sparks of that year, and the old ones too for that matter, seemed astrally remote. Even today its unpretentious absorption in its tasks has kept it out of the limelight. In its small offices and with a small staff this house, International Publishers, celebrating this month its tenth anniversary, has put into circulation the most seminal books of the period, and in the editing and translation involved and in the sheer volume of material issued, its output would place it from that statistical point of view alone, among the major American publishers.

In the first months of its founding I became obliquely aware of it. A friend, a poet and artist, was designing its colophon and showed it to me. His design was excellent, a worker leaning upon a book, and is still in use. At the time, however, my friend was more wrapped up with another colophon (never used) and a scheme (tricked away from him) to organize a literary guild. He was working, at the time, in the business office of The Dial, a heavily subsidized magazine of the arts, and I was hurrying over, frequently, after my day's work in a newspaper syndicate, to teas at another subsidized magazine, Broom, over which Lola Ridge presided and at which Louis Untermyer talked and talked and talked.

The Dial's backers, after spending enough money to float more than a literary revolution, retired from its silk-lined barricade. Broom fell into its own sweepings. The Literary Guild after making money on the book club brand of literary demagogy has lately betrayed its own professions of faith and sold out to a publisher. And the Gertrude Stein visit has the quality of an epitaph in gibberish to this era, for it is significant that her welcome comes not from the living source of literature, the writers, but from the canneries and storage plants, the libraries, museums, universities, lecture bureaus.

It may be objected that the influence represented by International Publishers may also be ephemeral. Let us examine what it is derived from. A principle, in its formal aspect, seventy years old, can scarcely be called a fashion and this influence, Marxism, has had a seventy years growth. Its books have the status of classics and have played a continuously and increasingly important part in world affairs. They are the literature of a movement that has created a new society in Russia, that is now dominating the international political landscape, that has entered all the streams of human action and has reached the turrets of the academies and the ivory towers of art. And it depends, only partially, upon persuasion. It has a double force, its own virtue as the one clear interpreter of reality, and the force of that reality itself.

When in 1924, International Publishers set out to be a publishing outlet for radical literature, chiefly in the social and economic field, it filled a need long felt, not only by radicals but by intellectuals of all shades of opinion. The books it presented for the first time, or in complete ungarbled versions for the first time, were important not only as revolutionary books, but as profound scientific studies. (Such works as Marx's *Letters to Kugelmann* and *Critique of the Gotha Program* and Engels' *Anti-Duehring* were now for the first time presented in English in complete form.)

There had been some earlier ventures, "radical" publishing houses here and there, that had attempted a similar function. But they had been rather unenterprising pioneers. They had yielded to the curious embarrassment, common to the labor and revolutionary groups in both England and America, before theoretical material, and to the mistaken theory that theory was a game, played for its own sake, and not adapted to practical use. As a consequence popularizations and abridgements were presented, rarely complete texts and often the text itself was doctored. This has proved to be a great disservice to the American labor movement. The theoretical material which was kept from it would have answered its questions, given it the hard and consistent base of fundamental principles which might have kept it from its disastrous opportunism. Before International Publishers was established the labor movement in America could not turn for advice to a literature which embodied the thought and experience of nearly a century of labor struggle abroad and which included more thoughtful and powerful analyses of problems of the American movement itself than had appeared in America. But until then, even such texts as had been published were puppet versions, or had been so carelessly translated and edited as to be valueless; or were worse than valueless, through textual tampering to bring them into conformity with the vague evolutionary socialism of the time.

When it came to the job of distributing this new, well edited and wanted literature a problem was presented which has been uniquely solved. Few bookstores stocked and displayed these books, in most cases through an honest ignorance of the market for them. International Publishers had to assist in building up, through various radical organizations, a distributing chain of workers' bookshops which today has one of the largest turnovers in the book business. The rise of this business has had a double effect: it has aroused the keener booksellers to the existence of a large and neglected market; and the keener publishers, issuing radical books for this market, have rushed to make use of the Workers' Bookshops as an outlet not only for their radical books, but for their solider books in general.

The rise of this chain of bookshops is one of the most interesting events of recent literary history; it is part of the growing cultural secession from capitalism which is increasing in strength and resources; and its story, a fascinating and illuminating one, should be and I hope soon will be told. Here, however, I am concerned more with another and related aspect of the problem of distribution, the problem of reviews; since reviewing is the chief mechanism for making books known.

Technically, any publisher has the right to expect, in the book review sections of the American press, a comment upon any book which appeals to the general public, or which bears importantly upon contemporary events. Their editors and reviewers are assumed to be experts, trained to estimate and analyze such books. The publications of International Publishers more perhaps than those of any other concern fit into this category; yet, with few exceptions, its books have not been accorded their clear cultural rights, within their area of American culture.

To the question, "Why?" we cannot answer, as we have for the bookseller, "honest ignorance." Even such an answer, could it be given, would be an indictment of the American literary setup. But the answer to be given is this. These books have been ignored as a largely deliberate, negative propaganda of significant omission and underemphasis.

Here again, as in Granville Hicks' recent article, the New York Times Book Review must be made a target. From the publishers'

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and booksellers' point of view it is the most important single book medium and serves as a guide to many other newspapers as to what to include and what to give prominence to. Here Mr. J. Donald Adams, at whose discretion books are admitted or shut out, has carried on his offensive against revolution by the strategy of silence. Before Mr. Adams became editor the books issued by International Publishers were reviewed, often in feature space. Since then, however, they have scarcely existed as far as Mr. Adams is concerned. And similar blind spots, though not of the same size, have formed in the eyes of other editors.

Let us take for example a book like Madame Krupskaya's *Memoirs of Lenin*. Had the wife of any war premier, general, viceroy, diplomat or any other international who's who biographed her husband the review with photographs would have appeared on page one, and would have been stretched deep into the back advertising section. In this case Mme. Krupskaya's position was not limited merely to the honorary one of a great man's widow. In her own right as a revolutionist, as an active participant in world-transforming events, any book she might have chosen to do would have called for an attentive reception. Yet the New York Times dismissed both volumes of the work with short notices. The Saturday Review of Literature gave them nothing more than listings. The New York Herald Tribune gave a paragraph notice only of the first volume. The Nation gave the work, a paragraph brief in eight-point type, and so on.

We can go on to other significant examples. The Marxist approach to history has been the most fruitful in its field, it has even in a real sense made history. It is powerfully affecting the course of history. Today, increasing scores of thousands look differently upon the headlines in their newspapers because of the diffusion of this influence. The appearance, then, of the first comprehensive and authoritative Marxian history of a nation, Pokrovsky's *History of Russia,* which is certain to become a pattern for historical writing of the future, would, one might have thought, be treated as a "literary event." Bright literary editors would compete with each other to secure for their paper the comment of leading American historians who, in their turn, would compete for the assignments. It did not happen. The literary editors were out; the historians listened to the radio. But infinitely less important books, Croce's windy brochure, conventional additions to conventional series, were featured.

One of the greatest, perhaps the outstanding service International Publishers has performed for culture in America, is the publication of complete texts of Lenin brilliantly edited by Alexander Trachtenberg. The series has now reached the eighth volume, and the publishers have reduced the price of the successive editions until now the set can be had for $8, which anyone acquainted with publishing practice will realize is an astonishingly low price. (International Publishers, it may be repeated in parenthesis, attempts to make the phrase "to bring a work to the public" an actuality by continuous reductions in price as soon as the sales permit.) As volume after volume was issued, giving in turn Lenin's history of the 1917 revolution, his study of the world war, his writings during the formative period of the Bolshevik Party, his brilliant exposition of dialectical materialism, his survey of Imperialism, his analysis of the role of the state, his presentation of political policy and tactics, these books, each a key to history, each a masterpiece of adventurous thinking, of wisdom ripened in the forcing heat of revolutionary action, were met by a comparative silence.

Of parallel importance was Stalin's *Leninism.* In my enduring naivete I imagined that no editor would dare to neglect it. Here was an interpretation of the political philosophy of the greatest figure of our age by the political thinker who has had more to do than any other human being with its practical application in the affairs of a nation of 180,000,000 people spread over a sixth of the world's surface and affecting through its challenge to the capitalist remainder of the world, through its influence upon the growing revolutionary parties of all nations, more or less intensely, the whole earth. Again editors treated lightly their responsibility of information and enlightenment. Perhaps they did not like the green paper wrappers which cover the volumes. It is significant, in contrast, that no columnist failed to expatiate on, no literary editor failed to provide space for, Hitler's volume. The same editors who are so insistent upon linking the two "dictators," to the planned confusion of their readers, failed to accord them this equality in review space.

Again, even in bourgeois circles the position of Marx as one of the world's greatest thinkers and achievers is now undisputed. It would seem that newly offered works of such a mind, never before presented in English, would be accorded immediate and extended consideration. Again, however, editors who are not sparing in space to the fragments and literary remains of comparative nonentities, could find no room for Marx. The reason is obvious. There is a power in Marx that terrifies and the laws and courtesies of "the republic of the intellect" are suspended before that power.

The foregoing may give the impression that International Publishers devotes itself predominantly to the presentation of foreign books. This impression would be incorrect. On the International list is a valuable series of studies of labor in the chief American industries (of which *Labor and Steel* by Horace Davis is the latest); *Women Who Work* by Grace Hutchins, *Forced Labor in the United States* by Walter Wilson, *Bill Haywood's Book* by William D. Haywood, *The History of the American Working Class* by Anthony Bimba, *Towards Soviet America* by William Z. Foster, two issues of the *Labor Fact Book* edited by the Labor Research Association, *The Soviet Worker* by Joseph Freeman. This is a far from complete but a representative selection from the excellent American books issued by International Publishers.

In the field of new revolutionary fiction and belles lettres International Publishers has not been as persistent as in the field it has more specifically chosen for itself. Since other publishers have proved fairly hospitable to this literature it has been content to present only those novels and collections of short stories and poetry to which other publishers have shut their lists. However, the continuous secession of proletarian culture from capitalist culture is now so far advanced that the time approaches when proletarian literature will need its own publishing apparatus and International Publishers will be at hand.

Recognizing that the temper of the times is revolutionary and that the literature of a revolutionary period is largely a pamphlet literature, International Publishers has also issued in addition to their active two hundred book titles nearly two hundred pamphlets — the International Pamphlet Series, most of them dealing with specific aspects of the American scene. A large proportion of its "classics" had their first appearance as pamphlets or revolutionary journalism. Of the nearly two hundred pamphlets International Publishers has brought out, some will unquestionably become part of classical revolutionary literature.

As we have had occasion before to point

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out, the customary tenth anniversary of a publishing house would be celebrated by a luxurious limited edition. All, or a part of it, would be distributed to the "friends" of the company, as if the readers of its books, drawn from the general public, could not be considered friends. Or part of it would be sold to the public at a high limited edition price. The "friends" of course, editors, reviewers, booksellers, and authors, having made payment in another fashion.

International Publishers on the other hand in celebrating its decennial books for its friends among the general public. To it, it offers a full size, though paper bound book at 10c. The book is by one of the greatest minds of our generation, Joseph Stalin, its subject is an exposition of the political philosophy of the greatest world leader of the century, V. I. Lenin, and the book *Foundations of Leninism* in more important ways than the formal one of dedicating an anniversary is certain to make history. With this book circulated to 100,000 workers, International Publishers fittingly celebrates its decennial.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

You Can Fight Here

YOU CAN'T SLEEP HERE, by Edward Newhouse. The Macaulay Company, New York. 1934. $2.

CENTURIES ago, it seems, there was a lot of commotion in the U. S. A. about "flaming youth." The economic crisis was around the corner, so most people thought it would never come. Even politicos in the leadership of the Communist Party talked about American "exceptionalism." Youth was well-fed, secure and full of Hemingway. It discussed its sensations in staccato sentences peppered with four-letter words, drank bad gin and considered politics a bore. Youth meant, of course, middle-class youth, just as politics meant middle-class politics and literature middle-class literature. There were creatures who cited the Comintern thesis on the impending crisis and pointed to the difficulties of working-class youth even in prosperity; but they were probably paid agents of the Kremlin.

When the tabloids and moralists had had their say about the jazz generation, the scientists came to look at the remains. A psychologist discovered that youth's problems reduced themselves to four: breaking away from one's parents, earning a living, finding a permanent sexual mate, and developing a philosophy of life. Allowing for the abstract nature of this formula, it was useful as far as it went; but the youth of the period was not especially interested. Middle-class parents were well-to-do; earning a living was no problem; sexual mates were obtainable all over the place, and it did not matter whether they were for a night, a year or a life time; and youth's philosophy of life was the prevailing one: eat, drink and be merry for the stock market will go up for ever and ever.

The crisis clouted the middle-classes over the head, and the problems of youth resolved themselves automatically, if painfully, into new problems. It is not difficult to break away from poor parents who cannot feed and clothe you; you can not earn a living in a jobless world; love is tough without money; and the old philosophy is as dead as the myth of a chicken in every pot. Middle-class youth, too, has been pushed out into the cold and forced to make its own way in a world whose base is crumbling. Sobriety has replaced the frenzied intoxication of the Hoover era; politics has replaced sex as the key to life.

Edward Newhouse's brilliant novel tells the story of a section of his own generation, the section that has found itself in the crisis through contact with the revolutionary movement of the working-class. Newhouse himself is not a novice in the movement; he did not wait until the fourth year of the crisis to question capitalist society. His stories, which appeared in THE NEW MASSES at the height of prosperity, were already cynical about the bourgeois paradise which seemed to stretch endlessly into the future. What he lacked then was a positive viewpoint from which to see the decay under the tinsel. Now that the tinsel is gone, the decay on the surface, and Newhouse older—all of twenty-two in fact—his positive viewpoint has begun to develop.

He is also fortunate in being part of a widespread movement of revolutionary arts and letters. This lessens his burden. In 1930, when a revolutionary writer published a moving novel of his youth on the East Side, our sectarians attacked him not for what he wrote, but for what he omitted; it was not enough that he described in vivid prose the cruel life of the tenements, or ended with the symbol of the soap box. Where was the Triangle Fire? the Colorado coal strike? the Spanish-American war? A revolutionary novel was supposed to be like a Party thesis; it had to cover the world situation. Today, with dozens of talented writers in the field, the novelist of the Left has the advantage of the division of labor. He need not describe the *universe* from the Marxian viewpoint. *Provided he keeps that viewpoint in mind,* he can confine himself to a section of America and describe it with the skill of an artist presenting life, rather than the insistence of the agitator driving home a point. If he is a good artist as well as a revolutionist he makes the point anyway; in the long run, his art is stirring propaganda.

Newhouse has chosen to describe a small section of contemporary youth, to stick to what he knows from experience. He does not, with inflated cosmic pretensions, attempt to present the whole of the class-struggle; he tells only about the unskilled intellectuals whom he knows, men who are newspaper reporters, women who are artists' models, the wage-slaves of capitalist arts and letters. In the best times, such members of the intelligentsia are migratory workers; they drift from jobs; they have socially neither the training nor the stability of engineers, physicians, lawyers or scientists. They are the first to be declassed by the crisis and pushed into the ranks of the proletariat. In times like these it means into the ranks of the unemployed proletariat.

The world from which they come is dead. They still drink heavily at parties; they talk like Ernest Hemingway and Dashiell Hammett; the dry obscene humor of prosperity has become more cynical because more disillusioned. But the acute sense of reality forced upon them by the crisis makes them more solid than the lost generation. Drink is an amusement rather than an anodyne; sex a pleasure rather than a religion; and they are not afraid of love and marriage. But they are compelled to face the fact that love without work is difficult, marriage without money almost impossible. They suffer their most bitter humiliations *precisely at the point which is supposed to be youth's prerogative, in love.* Romance becomes drab and painful in a stinking furnished room, or in the park where dicks can disturb the purest lyric of love in the name of the vice-squad.

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Only a job can solve these problems, can restore dignity and security to youth. And there are no jobs. The hero slides down the conventional social scale until he lands in a Hooverville, the last refuge of the dispossessed proletariat; the reporter slips from the police-card in his hat to the police-club over his head.

Starvation has a remarkable effect on the intellect; the latter becomes susceptible to ideas to which, in the pride of its security, it had been stubbornly closed. Newhouse, who has a remarkable gift for seeing people, shows us the natural transition of the unskilled intellectual toward revolutionary ideas; they come to the ex-reporter not abstractly but out of pitiless experience. And they come through other people—through the worker in the Hooverville shack who reads Earl Browder's report to the Communist Party convention, to those who talk about Scottsboro and Steve Katovis and Angelo Herndon. The movement comes alive through individual workers whose propaganda gains authenticity from visible misery shared by the intellectual.

By the time the hero participates in an unemployed demonstration, gets beaten up and lands in the hospital, his drift toward the revolutionary movement has the inevitability of personal character. The idea is never imposed from above; it is there for the oppressed to understand, when all else has failed, as the sole remedy for the horrors of contemporary society. When you have worn out your shoes looking for work, when the landlady has thrown you out of the stinking room because you have no rent, when your poverty keeps you from marrying Eileen, when the authorities reply to the demand for jobs with violence, nothing is more natural than to transform youth's previous philosophy of pleasure into a philosophy of struggle. You can't sleep here; not even in the chilly railway station, on the cold park-bench; but you can fight here, everywhere, for the destruction of a society in which your misery is a drop in the sea of the universal misery.

This theme is implicit in Newhouse's story; but it is above all a story, full of life and color and sensation. You are so engrossed in its people and places that the theme steals on you unawares; you read the best passages several times for their wit or poetry, the freshness of the phrasing or the keenness of the insight. The author's hard-boiled pose—characteristic of his generation—cannot conceal his gift for feeling and conveying true emotion. His art, combined with his viewpoint, marks him as one of the best of the younger revolutionary writers. So does his restraint. He does not pretend to speak for his whole generation, or for the whole of the revolutionary youth. There are other twenty-two year old men and women who have come into the revolutionary movement in other ways and have gone into it deeper than the central figure of this novel. But that is another story. Perhaps Newhouse will write it some day.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

Poet No Longer in Exile

POET IN EXILE, by Antonina Vallentin. The Viking Press. $3.

IN view of the fact that old Doctor Plato once wished poets into exile because of their unfitness for an ideal republic, and that more than one man of genius has been condemned to actual exile by the powers ruling his native land, and that we now have the wretched spectacle of the moron, Hitler, banning leaders of German thought who happen to be Jews, and that, even in "enlightened" America, poets are looked upon with contempt and suspicion, even by some Communists, Antonina Vallentin's life of Heine, *Poet in Exile,* is more than a timely book. It is not alone a fascinating narrative around the greatest of all lyric poets, but it reveals with dynamic sincerity the remarkable parallels to be drawn between the Germany of Heine's day and the Germany of ours, with the world of revolution as a growing background. It is impossible in just a few hundred words to summarize this impassioned volume, written with the finest restraint. And it would take more than a few hundred words to carry on the many implications the volume holds for the imagination. Another book might be written on the implications alone. Needless to say, Miss Valentin's book has not yet appeared in Germany. It came out in France, the land of Heine's adoption.

The author of *Die Lorelei* was more than a love poet, and much more than a mere romanticist, as someone recently dubbed him in THE NEW MASSES. The criticaster even went so far as to dub him the howling example of romanticism! Howling ignorance supported by sneering effrontery! Nearly a hundred years ago, Heine fought for his political opinions and was literally banished for them. Spies were continuously on his trail, especially the spies of Metternich, and they haunted his very deathbed, dragged out year after year in torture which Heine greeted with a profoundly realistic, objective, incisive and ironic eye and tongue. As he did everything inside or outside the self. Isn't it known by this time that Heine was Marx's favorite author; that when Marx was 26 and came to Paris with his bride, in order to study economics and sociology, that Heine was one of his first friends and visited him daily? That Heine saved the life of the Marxs' first child, a gentle feat of which the father of *Das Kapital* was proud? That Marx and Heine started a paper called Vorwärts? That they disagreed about fundamental principles simply because Marx had a superb singleness of purpose Heine couldn't share completely. Even so, my dear friends, where, turning back ninety years or so, do you find the following passage: "The second act is European; the world revolution, the great duel between those who possess noth-

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ing and the aristocracy of property-holders; and then it will no longer be a question of nationality or of religion, there will be only one Fatherland, the earth, and only one Faith, man's happiness on earth." And who was it wrote to his fellow poets: "Don't coo any more like Werther . . . talk daggers, talk swords!" And who was it saw through certain *professional* proletarian poets who, after a monumental success, fell in love with comfort and degenerated? And who was it felt that Communism possessed "a universal tongue as plain and simple as hunger or envy or death. They are quickly learnt." And who was it, visualizing the possible ruin which threatened his poems in the event of the rise of the proletariat, nonetheless concluded: "Let this old world be smashed in which innocence is long since dead, where egoism prospers and man battens upon man! Let these whited sepulchres be destroyed from top to bottom, these caverns of falsehood and iniquity. And blessed be the grocer who shall one day use the pages of my poems as paper-bags for the coffee and snuff of poor old women, who, in this present world of injustice, too often have to go without that solace!" But enough of Heine. What did Marx say about him in a moment of disappointment? "One cannot judge poets by the standards applied to ordinary people; one must just let them follow their own bent, they are made that way." (And what is their own bent if it be not universal?) And what did Engels write to Marx during Heine's last years? "What an appalling tragedy to see so precious a being die by inches!"

Enough of quotation, and enough, let us pray, of criticism which ridicules not the poet flayed so much as the Communist movement which tolerates such criticism. There is altogether too much facile criticism of others, and too little self-criticism. The air begins to reek of self-complacency, of a holier-than-thou attitude, of a gloomy and gloomier Puritanism. The latest person to rush into print by way of attesting his faith in Communism, comes knocking with a "Please, Mister, let me in—everybody else is a scoundrel." All of a sudden, we hear that Whitman was a bourgeois, that Emily Dickinson was merely fantastic, that a poet whose father never worked in a factory cannot belong to the proletarian movement and is in fact no poet. This last from Mr. Newton Arvin! A list was then given of young men who are poets because their fathers worked in factories. Two older poets were left out of the honored brigade whose fathers *had* worked in factories. Sandburg was one—and the others?

I once asked Mayakowsky how it was the Russian revolutionists fought so many enemies on so many sides at once and with such superhuman bravery. "Partly because"—said he quietly—"when the bands could no longer rouse the tired soldiers to renewed energy, we poets were ordered to the front-line trenches, and harangued and recited to hundreds and thousands of our comrades."

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

Brief Review

BIRTH CONTROL, Its Use and Misuse, by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. Harper and Brothers. New York. 1934. $2.50.

Despite Miss Bromley's liberal and humanitarian approach to the subject of birth control, her work is the best of its kind extant in the United States. Simply written, promoting no special type of contraceptive and concealing no advertising for a private physician or surgical supply house, it speaks plainly of rubber sheaths, pessaries and spermicidal jelly, their advantages and drawbacks and their relative factors of safety. Miss Bromley cannot help but show that millions are denied effective birth control aid because of the cost. It is, in fact, impossible to write about abortions, medical attitudes toward birth control, clinics, sterilization, etc., without revealing the nature of our unbidden bedfellow—capitalistic exploitation. In discussing the maternal death rate, Miss Bromley says: "It goes without saying that well-to-do women who have the best medical care and who are not overburdened with housework have a much lower maternal death rate all along the line." No italics are needed. This is the glory of motherhood under capitalism.

TWICE A BAKER'S DOZEN, by Milton Harvey. Margate Press. 25 cents.

There is dramatic pathos in the spectacle of little poets bringing themselves out in badly-printed pamphlets, insinuating their villanelles under the suspicious nose of whatever public such works reach. This pamphlet would not be an exception, or notable in any way, if it were not for the index. This chef d'oeuvre, hysterically placed in the middle of the book, is almost interesting. It tells the reader that the table of contents is divided into two parts, the first of which has the pace of "The Ballad of Wistful Wisteria" to "Mother's Day" and the second ranging from "Altgeld Sonnet" to "John Reed." If some nature-lover is looking around . . .! But the poems slap down any hope: for instance, the close of "John Reed" goes in for "ephemeral tinsel," "thwart luminous," "that Greatheart," and "Liberty speaks," all in six lines. A John Reed Club writers school might be able to do something for a writer trying to talk about such matters; it is certain that nobody else will have sufficient interest.

CANDLES IN THE STORM, by Robert Littell. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

In which Robert Littell, dramatic critic and son of Philip Littell, manages to make a summer colony of artists (author, poet, advertising artist, and mural painter) and their families as drab as a Salvation Army mission. Mr. Littell writes carefully but without vigor. His characterizations are precise and his style unobjectionable, but the result is dishwater.

THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF ROBERT BROWNING, edited with an Introduction by Saxe Commins. Modern Library Giant. $1.

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Art

Salvador Dali, or Life Is a Nightmare

WITH the award of the big Carnegie International prize to Peter Blume's surrealist enigma, and an honorable mention to Salvador Dali, the surrealists suddenly came to the fore in this season's art activities. The surrealists have had some influence on a few of our artists and in view of the present exhibition of paintings by Salvador Dali (at the Julien Levy Gallery), it is important to consider not only the work of Dali, but the bigger problems raised by the surrealist school.

The abstractionists in modern painting had hardly had time to achieve a limited acceptance and favor in Europe, when in the second decade of this century a slowly-gathering revolt began against the obvious sterility of abstract painting, which denied validity to the "subject." In Paris a small group, under the leadership of André Breton, their poet and theoretician, was going to attain "absolute reality by solving the disparity between dream and reality." It was about this time that Freud and his school were coming into wide vogue and not only were artists and writers strongly influenced by him but considerable numbers of the intelligentsia in all walks of life began to learn about the Id, Libido, Ego, Super-Ego, and the Oedipus complex. To the surrealist group Freud's theories about dreams and their significance must have seemed like the revelation of this world's last mysteries. Now they understood all about human behavior. So armed with the magic key to the "secret of it all" they began to work away at revealing in paint the Eternal Enigma to a waiting world. These artists may be divided roughly into two main groups: those who used a mystic symbolism (supposedly Freudian), and whose effort remained just as confusedly abstract and meaningless as the abstractions against which they had revolted . . . (such as Miro, Picabia, Masson, Arp, Léger, Tanguy, etc.) . . . and those who developed a realistic technique (relatively speaking) to portray the various elements out of which their compositions are built . . . (mainly Viollier and Dali). Dali has carried this "realism of the unreal" to such a high degree of technical perfection that we can consider him the best exponent of the surrealist school. He, of all of them, has come closest to doing what they have been trying to do. In fact he has done it so perfectly that he can go no further in that direction. He can only repeat himself.

Let us look at these paintings. Here are exquisitely-painted phantasmagoria, stereoscopically real. Pictures of nightmares, weird, grotesque, comic, or gruesome, as the case may be. The titles are quite apt, and may help to convey a better idea of what the paintings are like. Here are a few:

2. Skull and its lyric appendage leaning on a commode which should have the temperature of a cardinal's nest.
4. The weaning of furniture-nutrition.
15. Paranoiac-astral image.
17. Hypnagogical image of Gala.

Well, what do these paintings mean? In 1932 Julien Levy wrote:

> These new painters attempt to discover a world that is objective, non-abstract, meaningful and yet inaccessible to the camera. They depict a world of the subconscious imagination more real than conventional reality, fantastic in so far that it is opposed to the logic of our own everyday life. The surrealist paints the inner significance of the external world.

What is this "inner significance of the external world"? If it is in these paintings it is very well hidden. M. Dali lives in France, I believe. Evidently it does not strike him as absurd that an artist, supposedly intelligent, living in a Europe torn to the death by a struggle between two classes, should paint dreams and hallucinations of the insane as his idea of "reality." The struggles of the French workers against French imperialism are apparently not real for M. Dali. The tragic and bloody suppression of the workers' revolt in his native Spain is, I suppose, not real enough. Only dreams are real for M. Dali. Well, perhaps these phantasmagoria are significant to psychopaths, neurotics, and mystics, but where is there in them any relevance to the "external world," the world we are living in today? What relevance have they for the workers, white-collar employees, professionals, and intellectuals whose reality today consists mainly of starvation wages, exploitation, unemployment, insecurity, fear of war, and increasing misery? These realities that the great majority of working people know and feel do indeed breed neuroses of all sorts, it is true, but M. Dali's paintings tell us nothing about them.

However they do tell us something about the "inner significance of the external world" which M. Dali never intended them to . . . a significance of which he is probably unaware. It is no mere accident that M. Dali concerns himself with insanity, abnormal psychology, and psychoanalytic theories. No more than there is accident in the similar characteristics to be found in the poetry of Gertrude Stein. These paintings, like Gertrude Stein's poetry, are significant only as a pathologic symptom of a decaying society. They are the reflection of the insane nightmare that life under capitalism has become. That is the real meaning of these paintings.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

The Theatre

A SEASON knee-deep in hokum, cynicism, and idiotic confusion has suddenly brought forth an important play: *Gold Eagle Guy* by Melvin Levy (Morosco). Interestingly staged and acted by the Group Theatre, the play registers a compelling message. Even more important, it demonstrates the existence of a fruitful field for the left-wing drama.

The Group Theatre has done a splendid technical job. The costumes changing from scene to scene enrich the performance as a whole. Donald Oenslager's sets afford continuous pleasure. And most of the cast does full justice to Levy's writing, which has a tang of its own and is charged with brilliant flashes.

In 1862 Guy Button is just another sailor; but he knows San Francisco holds power and wealth for the man determined to get them. And he intends to be that man. Before long he is on his way: a power in the Keane Shipping Company. Finding his policy of ruthlessness productive, he proceeds to turn out his partner, marry the latter's fiancee and trample on all who have aided him. He is thoroughly consistent in his tactics. Toppling over all who stand in front of him, he uses their heads as stepping stones toward higher levels of wealth and power . . . until he rules the "Gold Eagle Lines," judiciously christened after his nickname. But rival Japanese capitalists have begun to destroy him. Faced with ruin, he does the logical thing: steals gold bullion carried by his own ship and drowns the evidence along with the sailors in the Pacific ocean.

Once more he comes out on top; but his victory has been paralleled by emotional frustration. His wife despises him, his son hates him, the one woman he wanted (the "divine Jewess," Menken) avoids him. In a scene impressive for restrained power, she finally offers herself. Faced with her bargain, he answers:

Trade you for the Gold Eagle Lines? Like h——

The accuser finally arrives: his son. Perfect specimen of a "nice" capitalist, he comes to blackmail his father: turn over the business or face exposure! During their exchange of hate

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the San Francisco earthquake ravages the city and buries father and son under the stones.

Basing his central character on the career of Robert Dollar, Melvin Levy has altered some facts and events for good dramatic purposes. In his terrifying logic of ruthlessness and exploitation, Button stands forth as the business-man-type stripped of its niceties, of "fair methods," and "business scruples"—stripped to its shameless, hideous core. A monster frank enough to debunk his "ethical" fellows in crime, he sneers:

> That ain't goodness and gentleness he's got—it's death. You can smell death on him like you can on a corpse covered with posies.

Scorning scruples as a financial handicap, he knows that unencumbered he can run faster than his rivals and "show the whole damn world who's gonna run the Pacific Ocean."

The man has imagination, force, fascination. In fact, to those who still cherish fragments of the American dream, Button may be a bit too fascinating, too admirable a scoundrel. But this possible defect is overbalanced by the fact that he is presented as a terrific, vicious opponent — a thoroughly convincing character quickened with flesh and blood.

This very emphasis accounts for a weakness in the play: it is a one-man show all the way through. Although the other characters are never adventitious, they are so overshadowed that the scope of the action necessarily narrows. *Gold Eagle Guy,* therefore, becomes dependent on the leading role, which J. Edward Bromberg happens to perform with confident mastery.

The play traces the fight of one capitalist against other capitalists; the effects of all that Guy Button symbolizes and accomplishes against the working class are merely implied. Obviously, Levy intended to confine his action to an upper class milieu; but his painter (who goes to sea for new inspiration) offered the means of a link with the proletariat—an addition which might have deepened the play's meaning. On the other hand, within the limits of *Gold Eagle Guy* he has created a moving, memorable picture, obviously aware that in an epoch as brazenly corrupt as the past hundred years the unadorned truth is itself revolutionary. Furthermore, by making drama out of the materials of the gilded epoch, he has proved that our playwrights might well draw on American history for illuminating the world we live in by showing us whence it comes.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

Other Current Shows

Workers Laboratory Theatre. Of the two new plays presented on Nov. 28 one deserves to be placed immediately on the repertory of left-wing drama groups throughout the country: Peter Martin's adaptation of Erskine Caldwell's story *Daughter.* Rarely has a one-act play been packed with so much emotional power. It is the story of a starving sharecropper who has murdered his daughter rather than watch her die of hunger. The action takes place in jail, alternating (by means of brilliant staging) between the prisoner in his cell and the militant farmer men and women demanding his release. In simple, unhackneyed terms the guilt is affixed to the real murderer: the landlord farmer whose rapaciousness created the starvation. With admirable economy of dialogue and action, the episode drives to its close. *Jews at the Cross Roads* was inferior in every way. Produced by a company that practises dramatics after working hours, artistic perfection becomes an irrelevancy, but there is hardly justification for putting on a crude oversimplification that convinces nobody except those already convinced. *Newsboy,* which we have discussed before in these columns, was performed with less than the usual skill. And yet after having seen it six times his reviewer still can find fresh meanings and—what is more remarkable—increased pleasure with each performance.

Sailors of Cattaro, by Friedrich Wolf. Civic Repertory. The Theatre Union's new play adapted by Michael Blankfort from Keene Wallis's translation. December 8 is the preview opening in a benefit for New Theatre. (Tickets at 114 West 14th St., or by calling CHelsea 2-9523.)

Brittle Heaven, by Vincent York and Frederick J. Pohl. Vanderbilt Theatre. There are four theories about Emily Dickinson's real love. *Brittle Heaven* follows Josephine Pollitt's book: Emily became infatuated with her best friend's husband. Dorothy Gish heads a generally excellent cast; but any play about Emily Dickinson is consigned to mythopoetics with the dearth of facts at our disposal. And any play exclusively about her love story closes where the real drama actually begins.

Continental Varieties. Little Theatre. An oh-so-upperclass vaudeville night, at prices slightly déclassés ($1 to $3). Lucienne Boyer sings some charming French songs, there's a good accordionist, and the incredibly overrated dancing by Escudero. Balieff, as mine host, is really too cute—and insufferable—for words.

D'Oyly Carte. Martin Beck Theatre. Unrivaled performances of Gilbert and Sullivan. Three weeks more, with six items to choose from.

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Flirtation Walk

NOT only have the Warner Brothers been supporting the Republican fascists (Merriam's re-election as Governor of California) on the western front, but they have also supported the Farley-Roosevelt-Tammany machine on the eastern front. This fits right in with their consistent policy of producing anti-workingclass and anti-Soviet films.

Not very long ago Mr. Farley was fed his celebrated luncheon at the Warner studio. Shortly afterward he loaned Warners the United States Navy for *Here Comes the Navy!* Now they produce *Flirtation Walk,* a sugary sentimental glorification of militarism, the United States Army and West Point. Their next film in this series is one entitled *Devil Dogs,* about the Marines. No wonder William Randolph Hearst has transferred his Marion Davies and his Cosmopolitan Productions from M.G.M. to the Warners.

That leading sentimentalist and tear-jerker, Frank Borzage, who glorified war *(No Greater Glory,* Columbia) with no small measure of success, directed *Flirtation Walk.* When it became necessary for Warners to sell the Army to the movie fans the producers had to get an expert. What a combination: a sugarcoated director, a pair of very popular musical comedy actors, and patriotic military music fused with glib jazz!

The result: Miss Regina Crewe speaking for Hearst in the New York American says: "No soul can be so dead as not to vibrate in something akin to patriotic fervor at the inspiring scenes of our own Military Academy and the gallant youths who are the land's defenders." The story, however, is conventional and banal. There is the enlisted private, who makes it known that he comes from an aristocratic family, so that in the end he (again quoting Miss Crewe) "emerges a full-fledged nephew of his Uncle Sam winning his own self-respect, the admiration of his buddies, and the affections of Miss Keeler" (the general's daughter).

People expecting another "harmless" *42nd Street* or *Gold Diggers* packed the Strand. After the final sequence with its feverish patriotic music and marching West Pointers there was applause—by three Army officers in my row.

PETER ELLIS.

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Between Ourselves

SEVERAL features of the next 48-page quarterly issue, dated January 1 and marking the first anniversary of the weekly NEW MASSES, can now be announced. They are:

A report on the Saar, by Ilya Ehrenbourg, who has been assigned by THE NEW MASSES to make a first hand investigation.

A debate on the Workers' Social Insurance Bill, (H. R. 7598) between Miss Mary Van Kleeck and Dr. I. M. Rubinow. Miss Van Kleeck and Dr. Rubinow have each written their first statements; Miss Van Kleeck is now preparing her rebuttal to Dr. Rubinow, and he will have the final rejoinder. The entire debate will be published in the one issue.

In the Nazis' Torture House, by Karl Billinger, a narrative by a former prisoner of the Nazis, dealing with the notorious Columbia House in Berlin (where Thaelmann was imprisoned.) This first hand account compares with Louis Adamic's *Torture in Belgrade,* which THE NEW MASSES published in its last monthly issue, September, 1933.

A review of the proletarian literature of 1934 by Granville Hicks.

New Masses Lectures

The Friday night forums at the Auditorium on Bleecker Street have been suspended for the month of December.

Michael Gold, now on tour for THE NEW MASSES, will lecture on "The Crisis in Modern Literature" in the following cities:

Indianapolis—Saturday evening, December 15, at the Lincoln Room, Hotel Lincoln; auspices John Reed Club.

Cincinnati—Monday evening, December 17, Auditorium of Hamilton County Memorial Bldg., Elm Street, just south of Music Bldg.; auspices Pen and Hammer.

Pittsburgh—Wednesday evening, December 19, Carnegie Lecture Hall, Schenley Park, Oakland; auspices Pen and Hammer.

Philadelphia—Thursday evening, December 20, Musician's Hall, 120 North 18th Street; auspices John Reed Club.

Newark—Friday evening, December 21; auspices Jack London Club.

Russell T. Limbach, staff artist of THE NEW MASSES, will give a "Chalk Talk" at the Daily Worker Banquet at the New International Hall, 42 Wenonah Street, Roxbury, Mass., Sunday evening, December 9.

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CHICAGO—December 9th—8:30 P. M. Hotel Sherman.
(Grand Ballroom) Randolph Street at Clark.
Chairman: Llewelyn Jones, critic and writer.

DETROIT—December 10th—8:30 P. M. Maccabee Auditorium.
5050 Woodward at Putnam.
Chairman: Samuel B. Keene

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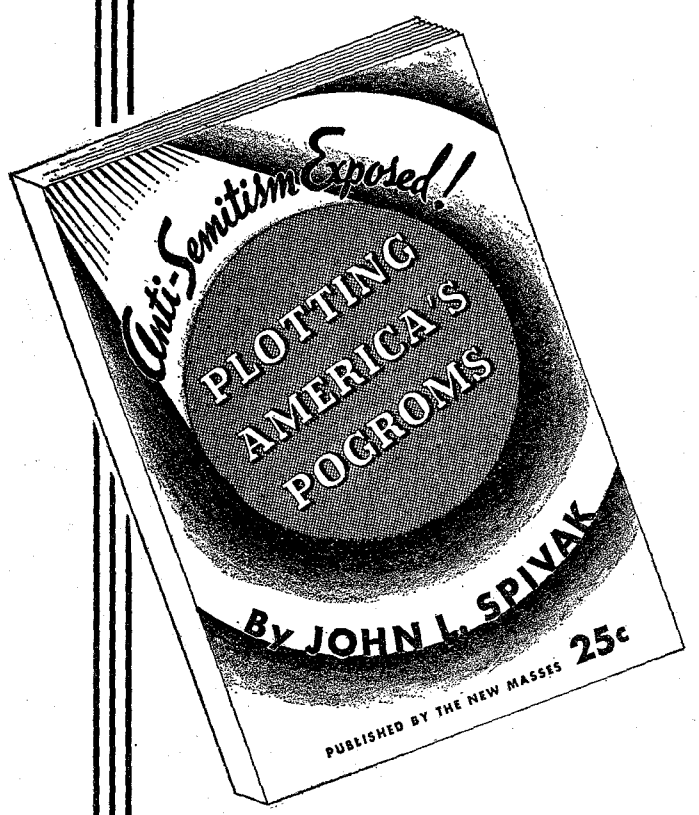

which is now out. THE NEW MASSES has published the revelations by John L. Spivak on *Plotting America's Pogrom* which created a nation-wide stir on publication in the magazine. The pamphlet is of 96 pages, with a two-color cover, and retails for 25 cents. It should have the widest possible distribution. Those wishing to get this pamphlet in quantities should send in their orders to THE NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th Street, with cash at the following rates: In quantities up to 5 at 25 cents each, plus postage (2c per copy); quantities of 6-25, 22 cents postpaid; 26-100, 20 cents; 101-300, 18 cents; 301-500, 16 cents; 501-1,000, 14 cents; 1,001 or more, 12 cents.

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